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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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*Pets — A Series of Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tschetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist*

Diploma of Honor for the Only Dog Member of the Mounties

HANGING on the wall of the barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Calgary, Alberta, is a formal-looking document attesting to the courage and skill of one of the force stationed there. This item bears no resemblance to a diploma, but it is a diploma of honor for a dog named Dale, the only dog that has his name and record in the official files of the mounties.

The document is a "diploma" awarded by a well-known dog magazine published in Chicago. Few canines get these diplomas and Dale earned his "for detective and meritorious service" for which he also enjoys a high rating in the unit in which he is enlisted as a full-fledged cop.

Here's what Dale did that makes him outstanding among the police dogs of a dozen countries. He trailed and found a two-year-old child that 200 people had failed to locate in a 24-hour hunt. And the same day he ran down and captured a thief trying to smuggle an automobile load of stolen merchandise into Calgary. Before this big day the dog had trailed and helped capture a dozen desperate criminals.

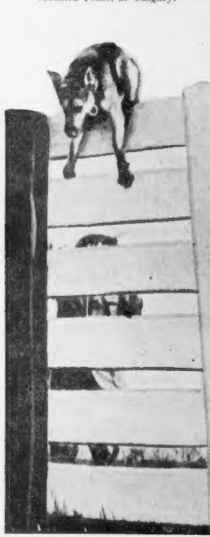
Sergeant J. W. Casway, the mountie who bought Dale when he was an awkward, wayward pup and trained him for police work, keeps modestly in the background and gives full credit to his four-footed partner in the service.

When pressed, he will tell the dog's story, in which he cannot help saying a few laudatory words about himself. "The pup was about a year old," he says, "when I bought him from a fellow who thought the dog was no good because he spent so much time chasing rabbits. To me that hinted at a keen nose and Dale's got a good one—one of the best in the world. With the help of a professional trainer of police dogs I put Dale through a long course of schooling."

The dog, in making a long story short, was a bright pup. During the next three years he learned to trail, both by following the scent of footprints and what is more difficult, from sniffing the air.

He quickly picked up the difficult knack of running down a trail.

Snapshot of Dale Taking an Easy but Rapid Climb Over a Ten-foot Barrier. On Right—This Is Dale, the German Shepherd Dog, the Only Recognized Canine Member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, at Calgary.



Fighting as Well as Merry Work Is Part of Dale's Routine. Here He Is Attacking and Holding His Trainer, Outside the Police Barracks at Calgary.

In the course of his education Dale became a crack sleuth and watched many a house for the sergeant. The dog never skulked about the house where he could be seen and shot at. He would approach the dwelling and then spring to the top of a shed, or garage, where he could look down on the scene and see all the exits.

at the same time. For many months Sergeant Casway did not make much use of the dog in actual police work, but when the course of training had gone far enough he did give Dale a chance to demonstrate his skill as a sleuth. Once the dog was put on a fairly fresh trail he stayed on the job until he came to the end of it. He didn't always get his man, because the man wasn't always there. But he did catch up with a

lot of them. In a series of robberies, for example, Casway was able to tell which were "local" jobs and which were committed by outsiders. If Dale wound up in a freight yard, a railway station or beside a highway, then his master had escaped to other parts. But if the law-breaker was anywhere around, Dale's nose led him to the right place—and several citizens of Calgary confessed the error of their ways when the four-footed mountie barked an accusation in their faces. In the police headquarters at Calgary, Dale has his own quarters, fitted with a comfortable

bed on the floor, and a pan of fresh water that never goes dry. He eats the best of meat and is in personal charge of Sergeant Casway, although he is now the property of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police because the Government paid \$200 for him. Casway refused to sell the dog unless he could be with him in the service. Dale is one of the few members of his breed that can rightfully be called a police dog. Only a dog that has had special training rates that distinction.

Time On Your Hands, Vogue in Europe

IT wasn't so many years ago that watches were good-sized affairs that filled up vest pockets and sported stout chains that looked impressively across the midriffs of the owners. A generation or two ago gentlemen of the old school carried timepieces weighing a pound, more or less. Jockeys sometimes referred to these mechanical marvels as "turkeys" and made up page about the rasping sounds that came from these recorders of the passing hours when they were wound.

In recent years watchmakers have devised new ways of assembling the wheels, cogs, pinions and springs that make up the works of pocket timepieces. They have learned how to build watches almost as thin as wafers, masterpieces that weigh only a few ounces.

Year by year watches have been getting thinner and lighter. In the Gay Nineties no woman was quite in style if she didn't have a watch pinned to the bosom of her shirtwaist, usually with a clasp in the form of a fleur-de-lis. These watches, exclusively for ladies, were much smaller than the "turkeys" the men folks carried in their pockets and, in their day, were believed to be the last word in delicacy.

Today—as the photograph at the right shows—the watchmakers are turning out practical timepieces so small that they are set in finger rings. The watch in the picture recently arrived in this country from Europe on the graceful hand of a stage star. It is impossible to hear the ticking of this diminutive accessory, even with the ear held close to the crystal, which is smaller than a dime.



This Is the Hand of a Famous Stage Star. Recently Back From Europe, Wearing One of the Ring-Watches, Which Are Becoming Popular All Over the Continent.

How He Identifies the Twins

THE REVEREND C. H. WESTBROOK, professor of English at the University of Shanghai, has worked out a "handy" way of telling his twin daughters, Mary Louise and Carolyn Elyson, apart.

It doesn't do any good for him merely to look at their faces and their figures, for the girls are about the most identical twins possible. For a time the girls used to wear

bracelets so that their folks could be sure which was which, but they don't need to do that any more. Their dad just runs his sensitive fingers over their foreheads. He feels the formation of the skull and never gets fooled, even though Mary Louise sometimes insists that he's losing his touch and that she's Carolyn Elyson. Mary Louise has a slightly more bulging brow than her sister.

One eminent French jeweler, who has been selling watches since the day of the gold and silver "turkeys" that bulged in the pocket, thinks that the ring-watch, now something of a novelty, will someday be standard equipment. "Why," he said, "should a watch be any larger or heavier than this one? It is the purpose of a watch to tell time, and a little watch does the job as well as one that takes up three or four times the space in the clothing or on the hand. The ring-watch may, some day, be as common as wrist watches are at the moment."

Several years ago a troupe of dancers has gone into open-air training at Santa Monica and another school makes its headquarters at Long Beach. The pupils become accustomed to crowds of spectators and go on with their work just as though they were behind the closed doors of a studio.

These outdoor dancing schools are more common in Germany than they are in this country, or anywhere else. At Hanover, for example, the world-famous Loges School has a "campus" of many acres where the pupils exercise and dance in the air and sunshine.

One dancer, now working in the studios of Hollywood, attended open-air dancing schools abroad and in this country. "Don't think that these girls have a soft vacation," she said. "Learning to dance is no snap, indoors or out. But the hours of practice do seem to pass more quickly when you're working with a sea breeze in your face and the firm sand under your feet."

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C. H. Westbrook Showing How He Tells One Twin From Another. One of the Little Girls Has a Forehead a Bit More Prominent Than the Other. When Papa Feels the "Bump" He Knows It's Mary.

Beach Better Than a Studio for Training the Ballet Troupe

DURING the past year or two visitors in some of the smart watering places in California have seen bewitching young women going through Terpsichorean maneuvers which they—the spectators—probably thought was the handiwork of smart prima agents engaged to popularize the resorts.

Now and then publicity men have engineered such stunts just to get a pretty picture which would attract the attention of editors. The "models" may have been good-looking young women recruited for the occasion and rewarded for cooperating in calling attention to the attractions of this beach or that one. But it is more than likely that the girls were serious students of the dance, working under a teacher and preparing themselves for professional careers in the movies or on the stage.

More and more dancing instructors are coming to realize that the seaside is an ideal place to hold class. The strenuous exercise is less tiring in the sunshine and open air than in even a well-ventilated studio, and the dancers can acquire that healthy bronze color

that is so popular these days while they are mastering intricate steps and getting ready for their careers. Between classes and during rest periods the students can dash into the surf and enjoy

themselves before they get back to the grind—and learning to be a good dancer is not the pleasant business it often seems to enlovers.

Take the young women shown in the photograph. This picture was snapped on the sands at Segundo, California, as pleasant a place as can be

found anywhere on the Pacific Coast. But the girls were not just having group fun before going back to their hotel for lunch—they were in the midst of a dancing lesson, with their teacher putting them through some

pretty difficult poses. Such sights are not uncommon at other California coast resorts. For several years now a troupe of dancers has gone into open-air training at Santa Monica and another school makes its headquarters at Long Beach. The pupils become accustomed to crowds of spectators and go on with their work just as though they were behind the closed doors of a studio.

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A Dancing Teacher (One of Many Who Like the California Beaches as Studios) Putting Her Class Through a Routine. The Beach Sand Is Preferable to Studio Mats, and the Dancers Grow Less Fatigued While Performing in the Open Air. They Are Also Able to Enjoy Their Rest Periods More.

That's His Gifted Wife's Stage-Love Grew Too Real

England's "Most Beautiful Woman," Sued by Her Noble Husband, Who Hints Her Passionate Scenes With Her Leading Man Changed From Make-Believe to Distressing Seriousness



Miss Cooper and Mr. Philip Merivale, the Talented English Actor, in a Love Scene From One of Their Plays.

LONDON, Oct. 5. SIR NEVILLE ARTHUR PEARSON, who is one of England's best known titled millionaires, is using the famous stage beauty, Gladys Cooper for divorce, charging undue intimacy off-stage with Philip Merivale, her leading man who re-creates her right time per week, has been making stage love, artist but, truer, in the night of theatre audiences.

The strange thing about this case is that long before Miss Cooper could possibly have been interested in the "other man," her husband, with un-uncanny foresight saw trouble coming, did his best to prevent it and, if his charges are correct, failed, in spite of everything.

The eminent artist, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, looked upon Miss Cooper and said she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, other experts have called her England's "most beautiful woman," and some in the whole world. She is so beautiful that it sometimes handicaps her stage work, because fascinated audiences become so wrapped up in watching her face that they do not hear important lines spoken by other characters, with the result that later parts of the play do not make sense.

"Sir Neville is said to have reasoned that if once in the audience fall in love with her at first sight, as they constantly do, as he himself did, what must happen to the actor who makes love to her on the stage, when he, who has, and takes her in his arms with a final passionate embrace and kiss? Can he wipe off the effect of that kiss with the same stained towel that removes his make-up?" It seemed to the husband that this stage love would inevitably turn to the real thing in his private life.

Miss Cooper is said to have laughingly admitted that all her leading men fall hopelessly in love with her, but then so do lawyers, doctors, dentists, chauffeurs and most every other class whom she has met, several times. It was a misfortune to them and often a nuisance to her, but as long as she did not reciprocate the love, it should be no concern of her husband. Since she never had fallen in love with a leading man before, why should Sir Neville imagine she would begin with this particular one whom she did not know very well?

Anyway, Sir Neville might have reasoned, Miss Cooper was the last person in the world to fall for the blatherings of a stage lover. He ought to realize this because she had been through the severest possible test in that line. Everyone knew that Rudolph Valentino, the action champion of great lovers, had left his wife in Paris to say that most-desired of all hearts at Miss Cooper's feet.

The actress had been flattered and perhaps a bit thrilled at the honor, but when she saw that the priestess great lover was in deadly earnest, ready to divorce his wife at any cost, she had to tell the astonished man, who hardly believed his handsome ears, that she could never care for him that way. She sent him back to his wife, but the pair were never happy afterward, and soon Natasha Romanova divorced

Miss Cooper, England's "Most Beautiful Woman," in Another Pose.

the great lover. She had lost his love not to any of the million of women who stretched inviting arms to the "shirk," but to the one who didn't want him.

Sir Neville probably knew all about this smoldering romance, and of other fascinations who had loved and lost, such as the irresistible Iver Novello, commonly called "the most beautiful man in England." How could he think that Mr. Merivale had hypnotic power to make her forget her marriage vows, when the world's greatest lover had failed even to make her heart flutter?

But the husband may have answered such a question somewhat as follows: "You always like your leading men, or you would not choose them. I do not know that you find this one any more sympathetic than the others, but he will have one advantage which I do not like. You are going to America with him. There the loveliest woman in England will be one of the most homesick in New York, with an eloquently adoring Englishman at hand to console her. It is not a safe combination with her husband across the sea, as I must be."

When Valentino and the others stood in vain, you were in London, where these adulators were jostled by hundreds of others. Since I have known your leading men have had small chances to make love off-stage, because, after your last curtain, I have always been waiting in the wings."

If Miss Cooper should have told her husband that this was the most fantastic piece of jealousy she had ever known, many would agree with her. At any rate, she and Merivale went to New York together in 1934 to play the "Shining Hour."

As far as known, Sir Neville must have thought his fears mistaken then, because there was no talk of a divorce when the woman described in some of the interviews as the "wistful beauty" returned to England. There were five good reasons which may have prevented anything happening on that occasion—these were: Merivale's wife, who played with him in "Death Takes a Holiday" and their four children. Her own two children by a previous marriage and one by the present one may also have helped. His wife, the actress, Viva Birkett, died in 1933.

For about a year Miss Cooper, as star and producer, shone on the stage,

and as Lady Pearson she was an equally successful housewife among the nobility in their London and country homes.

Then, in 1935, Lady Pearson and Mr. Merivale again went on the Stairland to New York to play Shakespeare, and again Sir Neville is said to have warned and objected, only to be told that he was ridiculous. Sir Neville, having suffered that way once before, did not think it ridiculous. Only the year before he married Miss Cooper he had divorced the first Lady Pearson, charging the same undue intimacy he now charges against his beautiful wife.

She was the attractive heiress-daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, and made no effort to defend her good name or the divorce suit.

On the second trip, fellow-passengers saw the actor and actress, always together, always seemingly conversing. Sometimes they were tender, sometimes quite the opposite, but eyes-droppers came back smiling, for they had caught the cadences of Shakespeare. The two were rehearsing "Othello" and "Macbeth" for their opening performances.

Being one of the world's most famous beauties, Miss Cooper was constantly asked to tell how she kept herself in that enviable condition. Her husband in London had every clipping sent to him and read with a smile her advice which included most everything from raw carrots to horseback riding. Well he knew that such a beauty as



The Popular and Beautiful Actress, Gladys Cooper, Who in Private Life Is Today Lady Neville Pearson, and Whose Second Matrimonial Venture Is Threatened With Shipwreck.

the dangers of leaving a beautiful actress-wife alone to play love-scenes with another man? Had he really flattered himself that a wife must necessarily remain true to his husband, busy self, 3,000 miles away, when every evening she was being made love to by a skilled professional love-maker on the stage? Was it not natural that those fervid love-words and stage embraces would become real life episodes sooner or later?

Some such uncomfortable thoughts may have occurred to the distinguished baronet when he heard the news from New York, and so he sued "England's most beautiful woman" for divorce, naming Merivale as co-respondent.

In an interview some time before her death, Viva Birkett, Mr. Merivale's wife, said of her husband, rather significantly: "I was on the stage before I met Philip. And I always vowed I would never permit matrimony to lure me away from my career as an actress. It had been hard enough to go on the stage, so I was determined nothing should take me off. I believed, like so many other ambitious actresses, that marriage would divert my efforts. I have learned that the two careers can be adjusted happily."

But that was said before her husband made the second trip to America with Miss Cooper which, according to Sir Neville three several lives out of her, brought adjustment.

Gladys Cooper has made other clever remarks about beauty, which however, do not appear to have much direct connection with her matrimonial complications.

"Clothes," she said, "have a lot to do with the impression of beauty which a woman conveys, and so does what is behind her face—the mind. I was saying the other night that I'd far rather have a good figure and a smart frock than a mere pretty face. That by itself is so ineffective. I know a really beautiful woman, and she's so stupid that one can't spend ten minutes pleasantly in her company. This type may win the admiration of men, but she doesn't hold it."

Just before her last visit to America with Merivale, from which she recently returned, Miss Cooper sold her

handsome home at Highgate where as Lady Pearson she had entertained so successfully. To some of her friends this indicated that the actress was already tired of the second phase of her married life.

Sir Neville Pearson, veteran of the World War and wounded at Vimy Ridge, is a busy man of affairs who takes everything seriously, including marriage. He is the exact opposite of her first husband, Captain Henry John Buckmaster, whom she married in 1918. He was a crack polo player, but she found him mostly a wealthy idler.

In 1922 when she divorced him on charges of infidelity and desertion, the dingy London courtrooms were bright with a crowd of Mayfair's socially eminent.

People in all walks of life were equally curious, wishing to look at the most beautiful woman in England, and the man who was accused of deserting and being untrue to her which to some men seemed almost unthinkable. Asked by an American reporter what her husband did, she replied:

"Absolutely nothing—that's the reason we did not get along. I find that I do not like idlers."

So well-preserved is Miss Cooper's beauty that it is hard to believe that she is forty-seven years old, just two years younger than the man Sir Neville accuses. She was born, just outside of London, the daughter of an eminent actor and critic. A startlingly beautiful child, she naturally drifted into amateur theatricals at an early age.

Her first appearance on the professional stage was in "Hair A Cross," at the Royal Theatre. The author got little enough royalty because the show died after only ten days. Miss Cooper played in a series of musical comedies, rapidly becoming a favorite, in important roles.

One thing annoyed her no end. Critics and most everyone else took it for granted that her rapid rise was due to her beauty and personality. She had to take some reckless chances, playing revivals in which her acting was compared with the work of some of the greatest actresses of the day, before the theatrical world finally admitted that she also deserved to be considered a finished actress.

She dared to play the role made famous by Mrs. Pat Campbell, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and that of Ellen Terry in "Olivia." In recent years, Miss Cooper has been a producing manager in charge of some of the plays in London, where she turned out such hits as "The Letter," "Cynara," "The Sacred Flame," and "The Rats of Norway."

Hands More Expressive Than Feet In Dancing?



"La Princesse" in Her Slave Dance, in Which Her Arms and Hands, Rather Than Her Feet, Interpret the "Story."



Left—In This Pose, the Slender, Elegant Hands of the Dancer Denote a Pensive Mood.

The Beautiful Hands of Bederkhan, the Kurdish Beauty, Who Is Rapidly Adding to Her Fame in the French Capital.

PARIS.
NOT since a dusky Hindu dancer named Menaka danced in the French capital some two years ago have the natives and tourists been

so "hand conscious" in the appreciation of interpretative dancing. The pretty and talented reason for their current interest in hands is shown in the photographs reproduced above.

Left—La Princesse Leila Bederkhan, Now Attracting Artistic Audiences to Her Performances in Paris. She Is Shown Wearing a Striking Costume.

Her name, according to the colorful posters that are plastered about the city is La Princesse Leila Bederkhan, and she is from Kurdistan.

French artists and sculptors knocking at her dressing room door.

But the outstanding thing about the alien disciple of Terpsichore is not her coloring or her curves—it is the remarkably expressive grace of her hands. Every theatrical critic in Paris has pointed out that she does more with her hands than she does with her feet—that, as in the case of Menaka, she has "hands that speak as plainly as words."

In her entire repertoire of dances the popular entertainer depends largely on her beautifully molded hands to unfold the story of her interpretation. In her Slave Dance, for example, the audience has the feeling that her hands are

shackled until she is sold to the highest bidder and carried away to his seraglio. In the finale of the number, the shackles seem to fall off as the young woman goes into the measures of a wild and sensuous dance for the amusement of her master.

As one well-known critic wrote, "This Kurdish artist is a master of an art that is seldom seen at its best outside a few places in the East—the art of speaking with her hands. Without a change of expression on her face or

any movement of her body she can register passion, fear, peace, hate and every other emotion that stirs human beings. She is blessed with a rare talent which she must have developed by a lifetime of training. Not since Menaka came to Paris have we seen the likes of this genius."

Menaka, while she intrigued the theatregoers of the French capital, was much more of a mystery than "La Princesse." Her hands, although they fascinated everyone who looked upon them, subtly made symbols that are entirely understood only in India. Audiences sat spellbound at Menaka, in the course of her graceful maneuvers, formed her serpentine fingers into the ancient symbols of sleep, death, mockery, and a hundred other feelings. The meaning of her hand postures was sensed rather than plainly understood.

Leila Bederkhan is something else again. She can preach, or plead, or excite, with her hands, but she follows no set pattern. She seems to "talk" the language of the Western World—and Paris hopes she'll stay a long time.

Puzzle Picture: Find the Newlyweds

THE sentimental photograph at the right was not snapped in a Parisian park, in the Spring, nor is it a "study" of would-be movie stars demonstrating the art of making love for some exasperating and sharp-eyed director. It was taken in a normal well-ordered American home by a wide-awake cameraman who asked the three couples to go into embrace just to prove, or disprove a little theory of his.

The three men are brothers and the women are sisters. The sisters are the wives of the brothers. The men from left to right are George Herby, 26; Regis Herby, 24; and Russell Herby, 22. Their partners, also from left to right, are Mary, 27; Margaret, 20; and Anne, 18. Before their marriage the women were known as the Renkus sisters.

The cameraman, who happened to be in the Pittsburgh home of the newlyweds—and it isn't much trouble to pick them out, surely right, they are the couple in the center—discovered the unusual relationship of the three couples present. When he was told that George and Mary had been married more than six years and that Russell and Anne had eloped some four months ago he asked the couples to cooperate in a little experiment. If the three couples would indulge in a moment of osculation, he'd snap their picture and wager that the average person looking at the photographic record of the experiment would tell which couple had just said their "I do's" before the altar, which pair had been living in double hitch only four months and which team were veterans of half a dozen years experience.

The newlyweds—Regis Herby, and his bride, the former Margaret Renkus—were told to sit down in the middle of a divan. A couple was placed at each side of them. At a signal from the photographer the three couples kissed. The shutter clicked and the experiment was over.

Almost everyone who was shown the picture picked the bride and bridegroom at once. It was all too plain that the new couple went into the experiment with much more enthusiasm than either of the other couples. The principal reason for this, they learned, was that each and embraced one another.

One of the bridegroom's brothers remarked, "Well, what could you expect?" Regis is brand new at this business and the first flush of romance hasn't had time to wear off yet. "I used to be like that, too," and don't get the idea that I'm not very much in love with my wife right now. It's a little more of a problem telling the other two couples apart. Both



Which Are the Newlyweds? You'd Say They Are the Couple in the Center. But Can You Pick the Man and Girl Who've Been Married Four Months, or the Couple That Has Been Married Six Years? The Three Men Are Brothers, the Three Women Sisters.

sets are doing a fair job at osculation, even though they are a little less than ardent in the contact.

The couple at the left—George Herby and his wife, Mary—are the ones who went to the altar away back in 1930. Note the difference between them and the novices at the game of matrimony. Mr. Herby is completely relaxed. His head is resting on the back of the divan. His free hand rests placidly in his lap. His wife—who admits she is extremely fond of him—kept her hands in her lap, too. Kissing was no new and fascinating pastime with them.

The other pair—the twain at the right—have been wed only four months. The husband is Russell, and the wife is Anne. They are still very much in love. They still close their eyes when they indulge in this ancient gesture of affection, but they get in much less hand action than the center couple. Love isn't wearing off, but, as the husband explained, they are becoming sort of used to the fact that they are married and to the presence of each other. This is supposed to explain all.

"LADDIE" is a remarkable dog. He has mastered his natural dislike for chickens, and not since he was an awkward pup, has he barked at one of the biddies. As the photograph at the right shows he has come to the conclusion that the feathered inhabitants of the backyard are all right if they're approached in a friendly spirit and he often takes some of his cackling, egg-laying pals for a ride about the premises.

All the credit for this mastery of his canine self doesn't go to "Laddie," however. Some of it goes to his owner, Mrs. Joseph Watson, of Yaleville, Connecticut. When the terrier was a youngster she took him in hand and taught him to believe that chickens were not his natural-born enemies, nor creatures to be run from. By patience she brought the dog and some of her poultry flock together. At first the

hens were leery of the dog and he was a bit jittery when one of the birds fixed him with a gimlet eye and pecked at his feet. But these qualms were soon dispelled.

Long before "Laddie" was full-grown he had learned that hens aren't at all bad company if you handle them right. When he walked through the poultry yard he never made any false move. He took his time and kept his mouth shut. The hens were quick to learn as the dog. Some of them used to get out of the way in a hurry and with considerable squeaking. But "Laddie" let them realize and didn't give in to his urge to take after something that was trying to escape him.

Today the biddies in the Watson flock accept "Laddie" as their best friend and, as the picture so amusingly shows, he returns the amiable attitude.

Curiosity Killed the Goldfish

ONE of the best fish stories of the year comes from Dr. George W. Stiles, a bacteriologist for Uncle Sam's Bureau of Animal Industry and a man who is not given to stretching the truth.

The scientist tells of several hundred goldfish that lost their lives, and many others that were crippled, just because, like the cat of the legend, they were overcome by curiosity. The "tragedy" happened in Denver and vicinity when a severe hail storm hit that section of the country.

The fish, according to Dr. Stiles, heard the little ice pellets striking the surface of the outdoor pools in which they lived the More Abundant Life—safe from larger fish and sure of special food. Instead of staying under water, where the hail couldn't hit them, they swam up to see what all the commotion was about. The hail, being heavy and thick, scored many a direct hit. And when one of the solid ice balls smacked a small goldfish right on the head that was the end of the goldfish. If a coroner had made a report of the incident he would have reported that the victims died from concussion.

Some of the fish were killed outright. Others swam about in a dazed condition and succumbed some time after the storm had passed. Still others of the curious swimmers recovered because the hailstones struck them only glancing blows.

Sacramento, California, has a story almost as good as this one, about a small-mouthed black bass that fell a victim to curiosity some two years ago. This fish made its home in the small lake on the grounds of Sutter Park. One morning a caretaker, making a turn about the lake, saw an object floating on the surface. He reached to the thing and to his amazement, picked up a bass with a rubber ball wedged tightly in its mouth. It was apparent that the fish had drowned.

The ball, only about two inches in diameter, probably had gone into the lake when some of the youngsters allowed to play on the fort reservation were tossing it around on the

broad lawn. The fish, according to the caretaker, had plenty to eat in the lake and didn't need to go around snapping at strange objects. But, like the Denver goldfish, it was moved by curiosity and, perhaps, "reasoned" to take a grab at the ball looking on the surface. The bass's sharp teeth were imbedded in the rubber and he couldn't unswallow the tasteless bait. His curiosity killed him.

Fishermen around Santa Cruz, California, remember another unusual case of curiosity. The victim of this episode wasn't technically a fish. It was a whale that wanted to find out what sort of beast a whistling buoy was. For half an hour the monster "thought" the buoy, egged on by its hoarse whistling. Finally the whale gave up, with a sore snout and bleeding flippers, and swam out to sea.

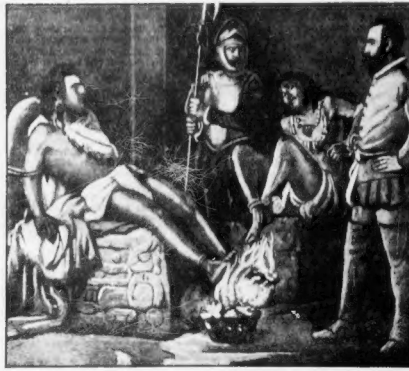
Many veteran fishermen say that when fish go for bait, they are oftentimes prompted more by native curiosity than by their appetites. Like cats, they usually run into trouble because of this quality.



The Terrier and His Feathered Friends, Who Travel Together on the Estate of Mrs. Joseph Watson, Yaleville, Conn. Laddie Is the Baryard's Protector and Believes in Being Friendly With His Charges.

Brutal and Bloody History of Spain

The Barbarous Cruelties in the Present Civil War Are the Latest of a Long List of Uncivilized Atrocities of a Nation Which Was Once Great and Chivalrous



The Torture of Guatemalan, the Royal Brother of Montezuma of Mexico, by Cortez, the Spanish Conquistador, and the Whole Early History of the Spanish in America Is Almost One Continuous Tale of Cruelty to and Torment of the Indians.

Until people of Spain, who are at this moment slaughtering one another with unparelleled cruelties, have been enlarged in similar tragedies for over 1,000 years.

The Spaniards have often shown noble qualities in the past—civility, heroism, enterprise and great artistic originality. It is therefore difficult for many to understand how, for example, they could be capable of such ruthless mass murder as the blowing up of the Alcazar in Toledo, with its hundreds of helpless women and children who had sought shelter there with their men, or the subsequent spraying of the ruins with gasoline which was then set on fire by incendiary shells.

But some dangerous racial strains have produced individual Spaniards of extreme cruelty. There are numerous descendants in Spain of the ancient Carthaginians who were addicted to the worship of Moloch, human and child sacrifice. The nation also contains a large element derived from the Moors, who were mainly mongrel Arabians mixed with barbarous North African tribes. The Vandals and Goths, infamous scourges of early Christian Europe, have contributed to the ferocious part of the Spanish population.

The Spanish cruelties to the natives of their American colonies are notorious—crimes committed sometimes for gold and sometimes merely to satisfy wicked appetites. Cortez, according to Prescott, slaughtered 6,000 unarmed Mexicans at one time without losing a man, and tortured Guatemalan, the brother of Montezuma, and his comrades to death by roasting them over a slow fire. The Spanish conquerors executed poison their souls and pass to their descendants, so that their ferocious barbarities to one another today shock the world.

A few instances from the reports of reliable correspondents show the mad orgy of bloodshed in which Spaniards are engaged. One report says:

"About twenty miles north of Ibadra, twenty fugitives were caught against the side of a building. Nails were pushed through their hands and feet. Then they were covered with oil and burned alive. Pictures were taken of this scene after the troops moved on."

In Barcelona fugitives have impudently been taking part in the struggle. Barcelona is the largest city in Spain and has been the scene of the worst atrocities. This great city has declared its independence, but is supporting the Madrid Government which Communists and other extremists are allied. Persons of supposed conservative tendencies have been ferociously hunted down by the workers' militia and shot in Barcelona.

In the course of its activities this militia searched the San Basilio Inmate Asylum in Barcelona and found the inmates possessed of three Mauser rifles, numerous pistols and three boxes of ammunition. Apparently the inmates were on the side of the radical government, but the workers' militia

did not think them safe allies.

After the first raid the caretaker and doctors seized the asylum to run it on a Communist basis. A second search of the cells revealed that the inmates had stolen more arms than had been taken from them. It is now reasoned that a lunatic has the same rights under the Communist system as anybody else, as everybody has the right to take anything he can use under that system.

The lunatic's rights are still stronger under anarchist principles, for the anarchists would abolish all government and there would be no authority to declare any person a lunatic.

Five Spanish bishops are reported to have been put to death by the government forces, and hundreds of priests, two of the bishops are said to have been burnt alive, while dead bodies of priests and nuns were taken from the grave and insulted.

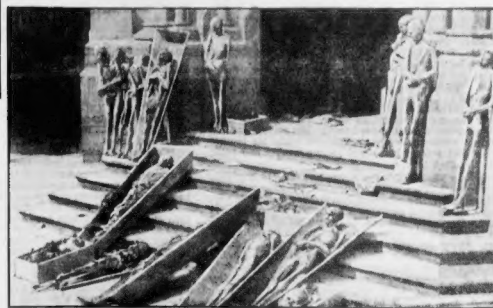
The number of non-combatants slaughtered was given as 6,000. Women have been conspicuous among the Communists. Spain has been especially cursed with civil war since the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. From the time Napoleon Bonaparte interfered in its affairs, there has been another period of internal strife very much like the present one. In the reign of ex-King Alfonso's grand-mother, Queen Isabella.

King Ferdinand II, a remorseless tyrant who lost Spain's American colonies, left his throne in 1833 to his daughter Isabella, as he had no sons. Spain had long followed the principle of male descent and large numbers of Spaniards rose in support of Ferdinand's brother Carlos. For six years the Carlists carried on war against the royalists with atrocities on both sides. The Carlists were reported. Fifty Liberal leaders who had fled the country to Gibraltar and returned under promise of amnesty were shot in a body in 1831. All moderates and reformers were shot by both sides. In certain areas the radicals destroyed monasteries, murdered priests, outraged nuns and confiscated property. When the royalists or Carlists won they retaliated by corresponding atrocities.

The royalist Prime Minister Nar-



The Looting of a Church and Massacre of Priest & During a Civil War in Spain Back in the Last Century. Exactly Similar Barbarities Have Been an Almost Daily Occurrence During the Present Warfare. From the Painting by A. Pulido.



Wanton and Sacrilegious Exposure of the Sacred Dead in a Spanish Church After It Had Been Spared by Anarchists and Communists.



Not a Pleasant Beach Scene, but a Spain in Spain Covered by the Bodies of Men and Women, Innocent Fugitives Who Were Shot in the Back by Militia or Troops as They Tried to Run Away.

vax, having gained the upper hand for a short time, declared that he had no enemies left, because he had shot them all. But he was mistaken.

When Queen Isabella was of marriageable age, King Louis Philippe of France insisted that she should marry her cousin Don Francisco, who was a physical wreck and unlikely to become a father. Failing children to the Queen, a Princess with a French husband might have inherited the throne. The Queen did have children, however, although there has always been doubt as to their father. Isabella then indulged in scandalous behavior recalling that of her grandmother and other ancestors. Her conduct is attributed to her disgust at being married to a weakling. She shut her husband in a castle and amused herself with handsome officers. She squandered money recklessly on her favorites and the Spanish court

became a scandal throughout Europe. The Liberals and Carlists then rose in great force against the Queen's government and she was driven to France. There she spent the rest of her life, continuing the vicious influence that had caused her downfall.

After her flight there was violent dissension as to the form of government Spain should have, entailing all sorts of violence on the unhappy country. The suggestion that a Hohenzollern Prince should take the throne led in time to the Franco-German War of 1870. Then the Duke of Aosta, brother of King Humbert of Italy, an honorable kindly man, accepted the throne with the title of King Amadeo.

Just before he landed in Spain his chief Spanish supporter and Prime Minister, General Prim, was assassinated. Within a few weeks an attempt to assassinate the new King was made

in the streets of Madrid. This discouraged King Amadeo so much that he determined to resign as soon as possible and actually retired after two years.

After this Spain's first republic came into existence and lasted for a year. It was a period of constant civil war. Then General Martinez Campos suddenly proclaimed Queen Isabella's son King with the title Alfonso XII. His reign was fairly peaceful and he was followed by his son, Alfonso XIII, recently driven out.

In all the annals of Spanish history no period witnessed more bloodshed than that contemporary with the French Revolution and the time of Napoleon Bonaparte. As Spain was ruled by Bourbon Kings, she was dragged in to all French wars. Charles IV of Spain, a feeble monarch, was entirely dominated by his coarse and licentious concubine Napoleon seized the throne for his rebellious half-brother, Henry of Spain, and murdered.

Some of the characteristics of Spanish royalty seem to have reached their highest development in "Mad Queen Joanna" concerning whom a great historic writer:

"The Queen determined to remove her husband's remains to their final resting-place in Granada. She insisted on seeing them herself before her departure. The corpse was removed from the vault, the two coffins of lead and wood were opened, and such as chose gazed on the moldering relics, which, notwithstanding their having been embalmed, exhibited scarcely a trace of humanity. The Queen was not satisfied till she inhaled them with her own hand, which she did without shuddering a tear or testifying the least emotion. The unfortunate lady, indeed, was said never to have been seen to weep since she detected her husband's intrigue with the French courtiers."

"When she had then placed on a magnificent horse, drawn by four horses. It was accompanied by a long train of nobles and ladies, who, together with the Queen, left the city on the night of the 20th of December. She made her journey by night, saying that a widow, who lost her son, should never expose herself to the light of day."

"When she had, the body was deposited in some church or monastery where the funeral services were performed as if the dead man were still alive, and a corps of armed men kept constant guard, chiefly, as it would seem, with a view of preventing any female from touching the place by her presence. For Joanna still retained the same jealousy of her sex which she had unhappily had so much cause to feel during Philip's lifetime."

The madhouse, ecclesiastic and barbarism that have characterized Spanish Kings down to recent times are directly traceable to Queen Joanna.

Why These Torrid Love Letters to Mr. Barron's Bride?



According to Mr. Barron, His Suspicions Were First Aroused When His Bride of Two Months Informed Him One Night That She Loved Him No Longer.



His Suspicions Grew When He Found the Radiator of Her Car Steaming Hot, as Though It Had Been Covered by Some Self-Starting Mysterious Journey.



So He Took to Noting the Figures on the Speedometer, Which Made It Possible for Him to Check Up Regularly on the Car's Daily Journeys.



Carrying On as Detective, He Found Cigarette Butts Without the Marks of Lipschick, and Reasoned They Could Not Be His Wife's, for She Used Lipschick Constantly.



Then the Trail Led, He Alleges, to the Torrid Letters in Her Bureau, Describing the Thrill of Listening to the Tom-Toms of the Bongos in Cuba.



Whereupon He Set Forth With a \$200,000 Love-Balm Suit Against the Rich Broker He Suspects.

They Burned Him Up, But He Says They Froze His Wife of Two Months and So He Turned Detective Following the Trail of His Mysterious Rival From Cigarette Butts to Bongos

WHEN in the middle of the night, his bride of only two months confessed that she didn't care for him as a lover and husband any longer, but didn't want a divorce just yet, the puzzled Mr. John A. Barron of Manhattan, N. Y., says he turned detective to find out who had "snuff" off the heat.

Clues that led to a \$200,000 alienation-of-affections suit against Gull & Whitehouse, elderly Wall Street brokers, included a mystery car which allegedly acquired solid and un-ringed cigarette butts, a hot radiator, and ninety miles a day on the speedometer without going out of the garage. Warner even, then, the radiator were some mysterious unguessed love letters, claimed to have been found in the bride's hand-drawn dresser, to which the groom was mysteriously drawn after his Sherlock Holmes experience with the queerly-acting automobile. Among other things, Barron found, to his astonishment, that the writer called himself a Svingali, and said he would use hypnotism and Cuban Bongos on her to have his way. Mr. Barron is certain that these burning letters froze his bride on the same scientific principle by which a gas refrigerator freezes by heat.

Mr. Whitehouse denies every nickel's worth of the alleged wrongdoing which caused that \$200,000 love-frost, including hypnotism and bongos. He tried hard to prevent Mr. Barron from even making him look at the letters, but Supreme Court Justice Graham Witzsch, of White Plains, finally ruled that if New York State's Court of Appeals throws out the new anti-alienation law, he will not only have to gaze upon the horrid, torrid things, but say whether he wrote them or not.

Pretty Mrs. Audrey Joy Barron, the 25-year-old bride, whose love is alleged to have gone out like a lamp after only two months, begged for a chance to tell everything in court from her side on the ground that if her husband should win the suit she would be "branded," presumably with the scarlet letter.

But Mr. Barron's able attorney, Cornelius C. Webster, of New York, had so drawn the complaint against the broker that he asked nothing of Mrs. Barron and makes no direct charge of misbehavior against her. It is as if he considered that the rich man had run off with the affections of a child or cat or other irresponsible creature who had no power to resist being let stray. The court refused to let Mrs. Barron in as co-defendant, saying:

"The plaintiff has no cause of action against her which can be set forth and could obtain no relief against her in this action. She may have been injured, or affected by, the result, but that is not enough."

So Audrey Joy, who is described by friends as a "peach," finds it a private, exclusive fight, giving her no chance to tell the world of and how the matters got in with her perfumed handkerchiefs unless her husband or Mr. Whitehouse is kind enough to put her on the witness stand. Whatever happens, she doesn't want to be branded peach.

According to accounts, before the court sealed the papers and mouths of the parties, Mr. Barron, who is an advertising man, became acquainted with Mr. Whitehouse and they both became acquainted with the attractive Audrey Joy Barron without introduction, while commuting to New York, which is



Mrs. Gull & Whitehouse, Wealthy Wall Street Broker and Sportsman, Whom Mr. Barron Has Sued for \$200,000.

Mrs. Audrey Joy Barron on the Beach at Nassau, During Her Brief Honeymoon.

Another Snapshot of Mrs. Barron on the Southern Beach.

quite common on common carriers like railroads. Since the wealthy broker was older and was supposed to have a wife and daughter, neither saw nor expected any opposition from that quarter as Barron's casual friendship for Audrey grew into love. They were married last December and Whitehouse sent flowers as they left for Nassau on their honeymoon.

Apparently the bride was warm, sexy and everything else to be expected, for two months, and the frost came without warning. Late one night, just as the husband was turning the light out in their boudoir at Mamaronck Knolls, his bride sat up in bed to make the interesting announcement that she had lost all romantic interest in him. Mr. Barron says that he was stunned and that Joy said she could not account for her own feelings.

The husband assumed that it must be some other man, offering to give her a quiet divorce so she could marry him. But the mysteriously cold bride assured him that there was nobody else and that somehow she didn't want a divorce just then.

Mr. Barron had always read and heard that women are mysterious beings and this one was certainly acting "as advertised." Still it did not quite make sense. A wife, he thought,

wouldn't go cold on him so soon and so suddenly, unless some man had been tampering with the heat. He decided to be a detective and catch the person who had short-circuited the love current.

One day he returned from New York an hour earlier than usual to find no wife. She came home in time to have been there had he taken his usual train. The explanation was a bridge party at the house of a neighbor, a short distance away. But he declared he noticed that the car's radiator was boiling hot as if from a long, fast drive.

This was as mysterious behavior for a well conducted automobile as was his wife's behavior in declaring her love. Mr. Barron decided to watch the automobile and started in by noting down the number of miles shown on the speedometer. This he did quietly every day and was even more puzzled to find that when he asked his wife what she had been doing that day and she replied she had been staying at home or visiting a neighbor or playing bridge,

still the speedometer showed that the car had gone anywhere from 50 to 70 miles on that particular day.

If Mrs. Barron hadn't driven the car, then could it be that this was an automobile of rugged individualism which insisted upon taking itself out by itself and getting exercise? Such cars may be a product of the future but Mr. Barron knew well that none such exist today.

Still patiently scrutinizing the auto for some clue to his wife's change of heart toward him, he ran across one evening two or three cigarette butts. These, following the best Sherlock Holmes tradition, he submitted to minute examination. Who could have smoked those cigarettes whose butts he held in his hand? If it had been his wife, then all was right.

There was an easy way to find that out. If she had smoked them, there would be Lipschick upon them. This was certain, because Mr. Barron knew that the very first thing Mrs. Barron did in the morning on arising was to apply

the Lipschick and that she did this faithfully until retiring.

There was no Lipschick on the butts!

That seemed to eliminate his bride but still the evidence was not conclusive as to the smoker being a man. His mother-in-law smoked but used no facial pigment.

Carefully, so as to arouse no suspicion, it is reported, Mr. Barron checked up on Audrey Joy's ma, but his investigations eliminated her as the smoker.

So by this time he had become convinced that the careless butt-dropper was a man. But who that man might be, the car gave no evidence that he could read.

Then along came Father's Day, June 20. This commemorative day obviously meant nothing to Mr. Barron, and as long as Audrey Joy persisted in her puzzled aloofness, could mean nothing. But Mr. Barron happened to be in that same boudoir where he had first heard the bad news. He was dressing to attend a funeral, he says, when some impulse, as mysterious as all that had gone before, moved him to look in his wife's bureau. His eyes fastened upon a packet of letters. He opened one and started to read it. As he went along from paragraph to paragraph, he suddenly stopped at one, he says, so mysterious that it made everything that had gone before take on a lighter shade of mystery.

It embodied an ardent desire of the writer to take Audrey Joy into Cuba where with him she would "thrill to the tom-toms of the Bongos in the foot hills," and where thus aided the writer could exercise some hypnotic power over the lady for some purpose or other not stated. It seemed that it could not be a good purpose because there was a warning, "Beware!" in the letter and mentions of Svingali.

Mr. Barron knew all about Svingali and Tribby and the hypnotism but what were Bongos? He read the paragraphs again. They were as follows:

"How you would love Cuba. It does something to one it fills one with strange, romantic emotions. Away out in the country at night it's just yet now. In the distance one hears the strains of native music and the beat of Bongos' tom-toms, soothing yet barbaric and intoxicating. Oh, it's impossible to describe. Joy, see how to live through one evening and night of it to know."

"Would you like to dance through an evening like that? Maybe some day, somehow. Yes? I want you to know though, that in Cuba I feel sure I could use some hypnotic power, so beware. Maybe I won't wait until then. Now are you terribly frightened?"

"I want to hear all about things you said you would like to tell me, so I shall next time hypnotize you and 'will you to tell me. Until then 'Svingali' bids you an revoir, darling?"

Mr. Barron looked through the other letters. They were mostly unguessed, but one bore the signature of "G." He did not recognize the handwriting apparently, but he was certain that Mr. Whitehouse must have written it while he was in Miami last Spring and after his return. He reached this conclusion from certain things mentioned in them. One of the letters which fired his wrath, and which he is most anxious to see, Mr. Whitehouse about, is the following:

"Darling, I wish I were capable of putting into words just how wonderful it was being with you the other afternoon. I have started several times, but had to give up, it sounded so empty and inefficient. I just can't say thank you for those moments of delicious, delicious sound enough, and yet I would like you to know just how I felt. I was so filled with you that for ever so long I was in a trance, and when I came to I could hardly believe that I had felt the exquisite thrill of your kiss. Your darling moment!"

"I love your eyes and the way you look at me. And even if it does mean, poor darling Joy, I love the touch and fragrance of your hair. The next time we go out you better take my advice and not just have it set. I'm sure to find out your pretty work. Do you mind, sweet one?"

"If only this minute I could be holding you and be thrilled by your delicious, soft, warm lips. You are just wonderful Joy, just wonderful!"

Did the elderly Mr. Whitehouse write that unsolicited testimonial to Mrs. Barron's charms? And was that one of the afternoons which caused Mr. Barron's car to steam?

"But now, my darling Joy, I cannot help feeling that my attentions and situations are really a little (I) weak. Am I wrong? Say no, dear!"

"If you replied, 'File upon you! I am not that kind of a girl,' how does it happen that he finds this more advanced passage in another letter?"

"I want you, my Joy, to take you in my arms, to kiss you, and to tell you everything, everything. We will just ride out into the country and take the contents of happiness offered us, perhaps so strangely given by whatever power rules our destinies."

Mr. Barron hopes that power is the Court of Appeals and that it will rule against the heart-balm law so he can get at Mr. Whitehouse with that \$200,000 suit. Other passages on which he seeks further details are these:

"The dancing was marvelous. Joy! Yes, if only we could start an evening like that and then go to different places for more, for dinner, a show and supper till late, oh, very late, all night."

"Yes, to dance with you, and far even more than dancing. Can you guess why? Do answer?"

"Oh, for an evening with intoxicating music, a bottle of wine, with hollow-stemmed glasses, to watch the bubbles rise and then go to different places for more, for dinner, a show and supper till late, oh, very late, all night."

According to learned authorities Bongos are a kind of Negro living in French West Africa. It is not known that there are any Bongos in Cuba. A Bongo hoys his wife, usually for the standard price of 20 spearshead. If she wants a divorce her parents grant it but have to give back the spearshead. If the husband wants it and the wife doesn't they keep the spearshead and sell the divorced daughter over again.

A husband finding himself in a position similar to that of which Mr. Barron is now in has the right to file a divorce and kill his rival. But it is considered better manners and business to accept twenty spearshead for his wife. Bongos never kiss because their nostrils are pierced and their lips are stretched that such a thing is almost impossible. What an American Romeo finds to admire in Bongos should be explained.



WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG THE
DIONNE QUINS WERE BATHED ONLY WITH

Olive Oil



*What a basketful of
loveliness...fresh and sweet
from their Palmolive bath!*

Now that they are such big girls...the Quins use

ONLY PALMOLIVE

The soap made with Gentle Olive Oil

WHAT little beauties they're getting to be... the lovely Dionne Quintuplets.

And what a picture they make, after their bath with Palmolive Soap... their pink-and-white skin so satin-smooth, glowing with health.

Lucky little Quins! Always their tender baby skin has had the most scientific care. At the time of their birth, and for some time afterward, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Because science has found nothing so gentle, nothing so soothing for delicate skin as Olive Oil!

AND EVER SINCE, ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP

Then came the time for soap and water baths. And how carefully the specialists in charge selected a soap gentle enough for the unusually sensitive skin of the Dionne Quintuplets.

They selected Palmolive... the gentle soap made with Olive Oil. Out of all the soaps available, Palmolive was chosen exclusively for the daily baths of these famous little girls.

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER
...FOR EVERY WOMAN!

Mother! Should that precious baby of yours, or any of your children, be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the tender skin of the little Dionnes?

And you too, Lovely Lady... you who want to keep your complexion alluring through the years! Why not give your skin the matchless care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not use Palmolive exclusively for your own face and bath!



READ WHAT DR. DAFOE SAYS:

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Trying to Keep Our Salmon From Involuntary Race Suicide

Fish Elevators, Fish Walk-ups and Other Devices on the Columbia River's Big, and Perhaps Unnecessary, Dam to Help the Great Runs of Fish Up to Their Spawning Grounds and Allow Their Young to Get Back Again

WILL the Columbia River salmon climb up the "fish ladders" over the 72-foot dam, the Government is building at Bonneville, Oregon? And if that is too much trouble, will they ride majestically up the six grand "fish elevators" which, along with the "ladders" and other devices, will cost \$3,000,000? Thousands of people in the Northwest are anxiously waiting and hoping because, if the big handsome fish happen not to choose either way, it means the end of the Columbia River salmon fishing, an industry that earns from 15 to 25 million dollars a year. Nobody, even the Government's fish experts who specialize on salmon, knows whether enough will go up to the spawning grounds to save the industry or whether the bulk of the country's native salmon supply will be forced to involuntary suicide.

The salmon, though one of the ocean's heavyweights, weighing 30 pounds is almost without any intelligence at all, having far less than the smallest angel fish in a toy aquarium. This makes the salmon a sort of automatic machine governed by an instinct, blind but so powerful as to make the fish jump up 20-foot waterfalls.

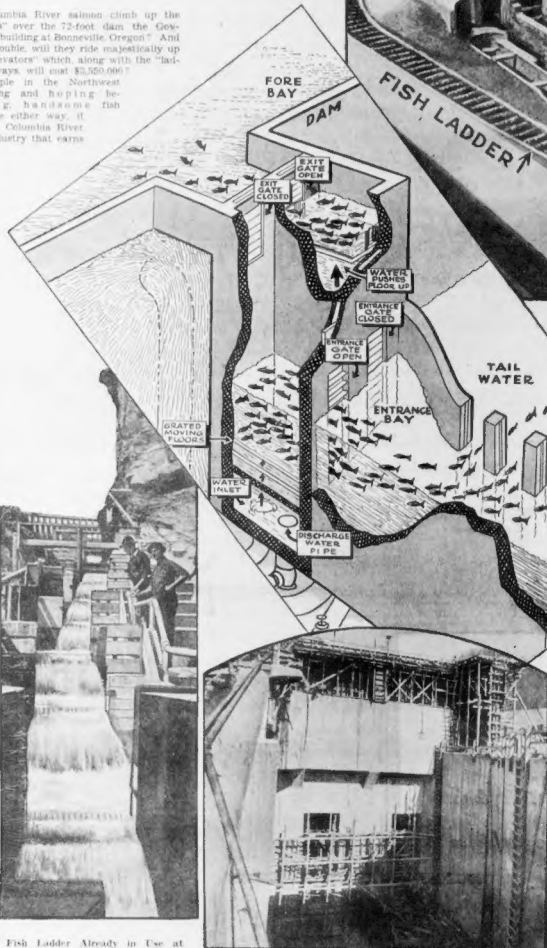
If the ladders or the elevators happen to appeal to the instinct, all will be well, provided the next generation, the baby "fingerlings" are willing to use the by-pass detours on their way down to the Pacific and that the electric sides of the by-pass do not rub the protective slime from their little bodies.

In 1933, Congress, in the name of benevolence which was to enter the Quads-ty tide project in Maine, the Florida ship canal and many other undertakings of questionable value appropriated \$3,000,000 for a dam across the Columbia River at Bonneville. The justification for this outlay was that it would supply electric power for the vicinity. A few thoughtful protests that not until a very remote future would as much as 20 per cent of that power be used, even if given free, were ignored.

It was largely an uninhabited area, called the "last frontier," maybe that would attract settlers from the East, and if those should come, there would be the dam ready and waiting for them. The main thing was to get the money spent, putting men to work, whether the dam was useful or not.

But another sort of protest began to be heard this was from the people who earn their living by catching and packing salmon. When they learned that a big-hearted Congress was damming the river with this towering mass of concrete they started pointing out that it would throw more men out of work forever in the salmon industry than the dam was employing just for a few years.

Congress was pained that anyone should object to having \$3,000,000 spent in their neighborhood and asked the cause of such ingratitude. It then heard that every year the salmon must



Model of the 72-Foot-High Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River, Showing at the Left the Fish Lift or Elevators, and Beside It the Fish Ladder Up Which the Salmon Are Supposed to Leap. (By U. S. Army Corps of Engineers.)

Diagram of the Fish Elevators, Showing How the Salmon Are Supposed to Swim Into the Entrance Bay to the Elevators, and How They Are Supposed to Swim Out Into the Forebay, or Upper Waters, and Proceed to Their Spawning Grounds. (By U. S. Army Corps of Engineers.)

A Fish Ladder Already in Use at Baker River Dam, Washington, The Efficiency of Which Is a Matter of Controversy.

Photograph of the Fish Elevators to the Bonneville Dam in Process of Construction.

ventive ingenuity and nobody can blame them if the device fails to work. Everything is planned with the single thought of appealing to the salmon's tyrannical instinct, one of the most curious and interesting in the world. Each year since the meeting of the glaciers of the last ice age, hordes of big, fat salmon have rushed in from the ocean and started the long, difficult and dangerous trip up the Columbia River to the little tributary streams near its source. Whether they escape fishermen, or being dashed to pieces against rocks, and reach their destination, the end is death in any event.

So stern is the driving instinct on this last, fatal journey that once the fish has left salt water it never stops to rest again, living entirely on its accumulated fat. One of the most stirring spectacles of the country is the sight of these splendid fish dashing through boiling rapids and leaping up waterfalls. Their instinct tells them to choose always the hardest way, that is to head into the fastest water, a policy which keeps them ever heated upstream and out of eddies, lagoons and other blind paths. Knowing this, the engineers have been careful to make both the ladders and the elevators sufficiently difficult to be attractive.

Given a free hand or rather free fin, the dumb but determined creatures would probably butt into the currents coming from the turbines whose blades they have just revolved. Fish viers will be built to guide them away from that chance to commit suicide. As the fish go nosing along these barriers they will come to the 41 entrances. To most anything but a salmon, these would seem more like forbidding cliffs, because water will be shooting out of them at a discouraging rate of speed.

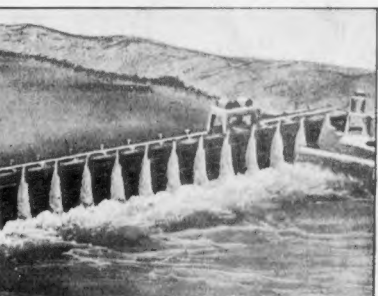
But "fast water" to a salmon is like candy to a child. If that instinct works as it should, the fish must put on top speed and start like a torpedo through that entrance and into a passage, 18 feet wide. Movable gates will determine whether the passage will lead to the two fish ladders or the six elevators.

The highest authorities on salmon think the ladders the more hopeful. No doubt, if the water resistance pouring down the ladder is heavy enough, the fish will fight its way up against it as far as it will go but the engineers do not dare make it too hard because nobody knows how much strength the average salmon has. So the ladders have been made easy and, it is hoped, not too easy to be attractive.

One of the ladders is on the Washington bank of the river; the other at Bradford Island which is used as part of the dam construction. The ladders will each consist of 75 "rungs," each "rung" a pool, 15 feet long and 6 feet deep. To climb from one pool to the one above is only a jump of one foot, no trouble at all for fish capable of a 20-foot high jump up waterfalls.

There is no reason why a salmon should not be delighted to climb these ladders, even if they are 1,200 feet long but salmon do not use reason, only instinct and may foolishly turn up their noses at this excellent arrangement.

If they are mean enough to do that, the passage gates will be turned, offering the fish a free and effortless ride to the top on any of the six elevators.



A Photograph of Salmon Leaping Up a Waterfall on Their Way to the Headwaters of the Columbia River, Where Their Young Are Born. Photo by Pacific Fisherman.

Entering by a gate 10 feet square, the fish will find themselves in a chamber 20 feet square, the gate will close behind them and the water in the chamber will rapidly increase from a height of about 10 feet until it is as high as the level of the water above the dam. Maybe it will occur to the salmon to swim up that long shaft and maybe not, but it won't matter.

Presently a grating at the bottom of the shaft will start slowly upward, lifting the fish whether they like it or not. When the grating arrives at the top, the exit gate will open and there is no known reason why the passers should not get out into the waters impounded above the dam. Then the process is repeated for more fish waiting downstairs.

Once the fish are above the dam there are no more artificial obstructions and they will undoubtedly repeat what their ancestors have done for thousands of years, which is the disappointing part of the salmon's career. It not only goes up the main river but the little mountain stream where it was born and not any of the others only the one where its mother spawned its egg and died will do.

The fish that entered from the sea so fat and handsome is now gaunt, battered, with a skin covered with ulcers from bumping into rocks in the long trip through those turbulent waters. Nobody can imagine what signs the fish reads guiding it back to its birthplace, but nobody knows how the fish finds its way across the ocean to do the same thing.

When the female salmon is satisfied that she has found the spot where she was born, she scrapes a trough in the mud, spawns her eggs in it and covers them up, scraping sand over them with her fins, fingers around a few days and dies. The eggs hatch in the gravel of cold, clear streams, often high in the mountains hundreds of miles from the sea. Known as "try" these babies stay in the gravel until their egg-pots are exhausted, then they begin seeking food from the water. Now they are "fingerlings" and start toward the sea, some getting there quickly, others lingering in fresh water for a year or more.

Then is another phase of the salmon migration, and another problem for the engineers. On their way down to the sea the fingerlings must pass that same dam which obstructed the up-

ward course of their mothers and fathers. Special by-passes are being provided for the babies. These will have smaller pools than the ladders, with greater elevations between them, the drop being 3½ to 4 feet. Young salmon on their way to the sea tumble over falls much higher than this without injury.

There are those, however, who fear that the devices will not save the salmon industry. Among these critics is Mr. L. V. Burton, editor of the magazine, "Food Industries." He says: "Dr. H. B. Ward, permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has made many years of study of the salmon industry and the life of the fish. He finds that the fingerling salmon, in passing down the sluiceways (such as are to be provided), actually experience so much erosion that fins are worn off and the fish seriously mutilated to the point of death of literally millions."

Mr. Burton does not confine himself to this single criticism. He believes that the adult fish will be exposed to a similar danger of erosion. "Every fisherman knows," he says, "that the body of a fish is covered by a slippery, mucilaginous substance and that when this substance is exposed to erosion, the fish dies. If you handle a fish without first moistening your hands the fish will die. It stands to reason that when the Columbia salmon start plunging around between concrete walls some of this protective coating is going to be worn away."

"The difficulties surrounding the handling of fish at the Bonneville Dam are particularly acute, because it is a case of army engineers trying to solve a biological problem."

The fish ladder idea already has been tried at Baker River Dam, Washington, but its efficiency is open to controversy. If the fish climb safely over the dam and their children get safely to sea, and if a few million people many years later settle the wilderness to use the current that will otherwise go to waste, everything will be all right.

If not, then Bonneville Dam will be rated with the Florida ship canal which was stopped partly because it would have been of no value for shipping, but mostly for the reason that it would probably have let salt water into the soil and ruined a considerable area of the State's southern portion, including most of the orange and grapefruit and lemon groves.



THINK—is the World completed?

Look about you—in your own America today—what do you see? Progressive industry everywhere offering new and better wares. Countless communities needing new homes by the thousands. The railroads, speeding time and obsolescence with amazingly efficient new trains. Millions of people wanting or needing something new. Seeing all this, why *think* as if the world were completed, as if there were nothing more to do! Why consider dividing wealth—why not multiply it? Why talk of “stabilizing”—why not go forward? Why worry about fewer hours—

why not make more jobs? Why think of producing fewer things at higher

prices for fewer people—why not produce more things at lower prices for more people? Never was there a time with more limitless possibilities for men of vision, courage

and resourcefulness than now. In the new things needed, in the new industries being born, in the rebuilding of the vast



Thanks to the early cotton gin, we now could clean 100 times as much cotton as he could working by hand. But instead of abolishing jobs, this invention multiplied them by thousands—in the plantation, in New England's busy mills, on the sea—for when production costs came down the whole world began to buy.

MULTIPLYING JOBS BY MULTIPLYING OUTPUT

Men are busy today along the production lines, because what happened 143 years ago in the case of the cotton gin is still happening in modern America. As improved machinery brings down production costs, more people are able to buy—more jobs are created—more men are put to work at good wages meeting the increased demand.

production plant of our country—in these are opportunities for increasing employment, for producing new markets and new wealth, for serving progress, greater than America has ever known!

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL  MOTORS CAR

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

How and When You'll Die All Settled at Birth?

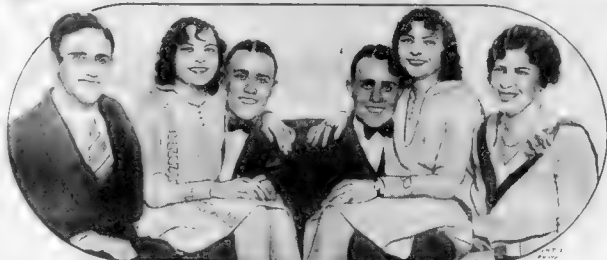
Curious Happenings to Identical Twins That Seem to Support the Belief in "Predestination" and That Nature Sets Our Time Clocks When We Are Born



THE PHILADELPHIA TWINS, MARtha and MARJORIE HINES, WHO HAD THE SAME ILLNESSES, THE SAME OPERATIONS AND RECOVERED ALWAYS AT THE SAME TIME—AND ALSO FELL IN LOVE AND MARRIED SIMULTANEOUSLY, JUST AS THOUGH EVERY ACTION HAD BEEN WRITTEN OUT IN ADVANCE BY THE FATES.



The Attractive Philadelphia Twins, Martha and Marjorie Hines, Who Had the Same Illnesses, the Same Operations and Recovered Always at the Same Time—and Also Fell in Love and Married Simultaneously, Just as Though Every Action Had Been Written Out in Advance by the Fates.



Fast and Alvin Young, Twins, With Their Brides, Lucy and Louise Doyle, Also Twins, on Their Laps. Besides Them, Elmer Young, a Brother, Not a Twin, and His Wife, Not a Twin. The Two Sets of Married Twins Separated at the Same Time, Each Finding the Same Set of Faults in His Twin Bride and Each Bride Finding the Same Set of Faults in Their Husbands. But the Other Brother Continued Happily Married.



The Famous Keys Quadruplets—Mary, Roberta, Mona and Leola. Roberta and Mona Are Identical Twins, Leola and Mary Not. The Roberta and Mona Have Had Identically the Same Illnesses at the Same Time, Which the Other Two Sisters Have Not Shared.

It is life for a life, and death for a death. In the case of the Philadelphia twins, Martha and Marjorie Hines, who were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place, and who had the same illnesses, the same operations, and recovered at the same time, it is a case of predestination. The same is true of the Keys quadruplets, Mary, Roberta, Mona and Leola, who were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place, and who had the same illnesses, the same operations, and recovered at the same time. The same is true of the Young twins, Fast and Alvin, who were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place, and who had the same illnesses, the same operations, and recovered at the same time. The same is true of the Doyle twins, Lucy and Louise, who were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place, and who had the same illnesses, the same operations, and recovered at the same time. The same is true of the Elmer Young family, who were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place, and who had the same illnesses, the same operations, and recovered at the same time. The same is true of the other brother, who continued happily married.

If an abnormal number of a person's immediate relatives have been killed by a violent death, they know that he too is likely to be careless, reckless, pugnacious or otherwise inclined to invite trouble, which makes him a poor risk. Three years ago, two identical twins who were 51 years of age at the time and therefore must have been unborn a few prenatal and physical aspects of each to have worn that long were Mrs. Mary White, of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Leola Elmer of Nassau, Texas. Their twins, three years old and three years old, were born on the same day, the same time, and the same place. It is always enough that heredity caused them to have a similar weakness of the same at the same point, but that is not enough to account for the coincidence, happening to both after such a tremendous stretch of years. Such a weakness was not enough to predestine an accident, until perhaps some other time factor went off in their systems, some defect probably in the nervous system, causing a form of vertigo or other tendency to induce falls. This, however, would hardly account for the misfortunes of identical twin boys of East Northport, Long Is. and several years ago one of this pair of identicals, then sixteen years old, was thrown from a horse and seriously injured. On the same day, his twin brother, a different part of the township, was struck and killed by an automobile truck.

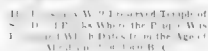
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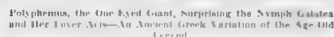
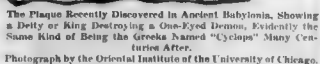
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Discoveries In Ancient Babylonia Prove People Believed in Them Long Before Abraham Was Born and Science Says There May Have Been Real Reasons for the Belief.



The Skull of an Ichthyosaurus, One of the Old sea Dragons, showing the Pinal Foramen or Cavity for the Third Eye in the Center of the Forehead.



1. 1990年12月25日，苏联正式解体，俄罗斯联邦成立。俄罗斯联邦继承了苏联在联合国安理会的席位，成为安理会常任理事国之一。

that at Athens working for their
city, not for a pasha.
The Rev. Canon of the diocese of the Cyclades,
Mr. J. G. Galt, says that he was
once among the Greeks who
remained very loyal for original
loyalty to the Greeks.
The Countess de de la Roche
Espinasse, who the Greeks were late
enemies, in an ancient and highly de-
voted, says that she has seen
Greeks who had been so loyal to
the Turks that they could not be ex-
posed until after their death had not
been that they were not so loyal
to the Greeks as they were to the
Turks, but how can our country-
men through Greece immediately
be the Ancient Near East?
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TAKING THE TOWN BY STORM — by Paul ARTHUR



GOOD! They're giving a world-beating performance—those new Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. And little wonder, too! For these flakes do what no chips ever did before—they bring you richer, golden soap chock-tull of dirt-loosening naphtha!



SENSATIONAL TEAM! At last two great cleaners have gotten together to give washday a marvelous lift! When these curly, full-of-naphtha flakes go into their act, dirt has to make a quick exit!



"AH—PRETTY! I can see that Madame's laundress has taken my advice. Only Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS could keep this lingerie so beautifully new and dainty." Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS are so safe, they're perfect for every washing job.



HER PETAL-SOFT HANDS will never tell—for they've learned the magic of Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS in the dishpan. Hands come out of these gentle suds wonderfully soft and smooth. For you will see, live and in these new flakes, you see. And so, too, is the beauty ingredient of many hand-lotions!



"WH-E-E! I fly through the wash—with Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS in my washing machine! They whisk out the stubborn dirt—keep clothes as bright as the rainbow."

TRY 'EM! THEY'LL SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET!
THE FIRST AND ONLY CHIPS TO BRING YOU NAPHTHA!

I'VE waited for years, but they're worth it! . . . "Thanks a million for your grand new chips!"

"My clothes are as lovely and white now as when I bought them!" . . . "Friends all envy my washes!"

Why do women write in comments like these—*absolutely unsolicited*? Why is everybody raving about Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS?

Try them and see! They're so different, they'll amaze you! The fastest, peppiest soap flakes ever invented! The first and

only flakes to bring you gentle, efficient naphtha and richer, golden soap!

These flakes are crinkly curls, so thin and delicate they dissolve readily. You get mountains of suds in a jiffy. And how they make dirt fly! There's no "sneezy" dust, either. And doesn't it stand to reason that a soap which is easier on your nose must be easier on your clothes, too?

Get Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS today. They're made by the makers of the famous golden bar, Fels-Naptha Soap—the soap that banishes "tattle-tale gray!"



NOTHING TO
SNEEZE AT!

YES, THEY'RE DUSTLESS—that's another thing you'll like about Fels-Naptha Soap CHIPS. No more itchy noses—no more sneezing spells! And the handy, new pouring-spout in the box saves waste and spilling!



Keep Your Eye on the Bull by Edwin Rutt

In Which a Spanish Bullfight Plays Cupid.
Complete in This Issue.

G

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He



She Gripped Her Parasol, Drew Back Her Arm and Brought It Down on the Fine Castilian Horn of Senor Don Manuel Ricardo de Maderna y Gama.

What

Like

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He

A



"Woman," He Said, With a Kind of Throbbing Fierceness, "For the last time, will you marry me?"

He

(Continued on Page 21)

Confessions of Woman Spy



"Marie Louise," One of the Cleverest of the German Espionage Women.

CHAPTER IV.

BY LADIA OSWALD

The "Swiss Milk Bar," Who Was Released Recently From West Wall Prison After Serving a Sentence For Stealing 10 French Naval Bases
(with a 100% from Last Sunday)

Continued from Last Sunday

The Cave Where Mateotti's Body Was Found.



Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart, of the Seaforth Highlanders, Who Was Brought Before a British Court Martial and Found Guilty of Selling Military Information to the Germans.



**General Cesare Rossi, Betrayed
Into the Hands of the Italian
Political Police by a Beguiling
Woman Spy.**



"Suddenly a strange thing happened. A few seconds before feet, and seven figures came into view rushing towards them; figures the Italian side of the frontier boundary.

"With a cry of alarm, Cesare Rossi realized that they were suddenly tripped, he fell to the ground. A few seconds later and the struggling, over the border from Switzerland into Italy—and as he f

[illegible][illegible]

By the way, I had better differentiate between Military Intelligence and Secret Service. The former operates principally during war-time "in the field" and coordinates military material supplied by the Secret Service, which is the real Espionage Corps. The German Military Intelligence does not employ women. The Secret Service, however, had in 1933 over four hundred women agents, fully accredited spies and "sneakers" in return for monetary compensation. The grades of society—from the wives of members of the C. O. D. Pompadour down to the lowest grade lady-lap in questionable waterside "dancings" who they had failed to contact with an officer who would be "amenable to reason."

They had not come back entirely empty-handed, however. By accident they had met an officer in a Scots regiment, who after getting to know them quite well, played into their hands. They had borrowed money. The agents of the Wilhelmstrasse had been only too willing to oblige, and had lent him \$125 in return for a signed I. O. U. which they had brought back with them. "S. O. U." The Department of the German Secret Service, which covers the areas of Great Britain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway) were delighted at this piece of good fortune. Doctor K—(Katz), one of them immediately. But he was not to travel alone, he was to be accompanied by a beautiful spy who was later to be referred to during the trial of Lieutenant August von "Marie Louisa" von Helldorf, a woman is well-known in the world of international

espionage—remember her coming to Geneva, a one of the secretaries of a financial committee of the Reichsbank, although for a secretary she was permitted a good deal of liberty, and was to be seen beautifully dressed in all the best cabaret and the smartest hotels.

Her great value to the German Secret Service is that that her grandmother was English and she was educated in Great Britain. In short, she is a cosmopolitan to her finger-tips, and without question a clever espionage agent. When she was in Geneva she called herself Hanna School, although in fact she was Wilhelmine Louise. Captain Goring saw in her the ideal woman to send to England for the subversion of a British officer.

The rest of the story is fairly plain. Pressure was first of all brought to bear on Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart for the refunding of the £125 that had been lent to him. He was already in trouble over his accounts, and could not repay the money. "Marie Louise" then came on the scene. The young officer succumbed to her allure, and was sold to the Germans. He was to give up his position in the Tank Corps in a month's pay in the easiest possible way. Just this "borrowing" for a few hours at the week-end of certain blue-prints, a dash to Rotterdam and here a dash to London, and the blue-prints were to be photographed and the officer would return on the Sunday afternoon boat and on Monday morning the plans would be safely back from where they had been taken.

It was the cooperation of the gallant Lieutenant, however, the problem that presented itself to the emissaries of the Wilhelmstrasse was the fact that at that time Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart was a member of the Tank Corps. The emissaries agreed. He was persuaded, therefore, to apply to the British War Office for a transfer from his regiment to the Tank Corps. After some week-waiting the transfer was granted, and he was sent there to learn the rudiments and secrets of mechanized warfare.

To me as an experienced spy myself the care with which the German Secret Service engineered this transaction was a masterpiece. The emissaries suborned their officer they placed him in the position where he would be the most use to them. What followed has already been reported in the newspapers—these stolen week-ends to the enemy, the blue-prints, the dash to Rotterdam, the dash to London, the blue-prints while "Marie Louise" did her best—and I am sure very successfully—to save the consequences of the young officer.

What they wanted, the agents of the Wilhelmstrasse decided to get rid of the "evidence"—in this case Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart. It may be that they deliberately betrayed him to the British, but I think it more probable that he fell in crime. But sometimes the safest to get rid of

used were, as soon as possible, to get the Scottish officer had to face the music while "Mimi-Louise" and Dr K. faded back into the shadows of the Wilhelmstrasse to be assigned to other spying jobs elsewhere in other parts of Europe. Our family neither of them is ever destined for Great Britain and it is pretty certain that the British Secret Service knows all about them. In English spies get little sympathy, as was shown recently when my good friend Hermann Goertz was sent to prison for four years.

And now the end of the story, which may be an interesting part of these amazing circumstances on the part of a woman spy during recent years. As a matter of fact, this extraordinary story came quite properly into my realm of concern. I then the principal of inquiry was, did it not concern a woman, while in England have the Italian authorities in the extradition photo of her in prison for the first time.

In order to understand the story, I have to say it seems that I should recount a part of the recent history of the Fascist regime in Italy. A young man, Matteo, was a member of the Italian Fascist movement in Italy and while the Fascist Party was still making up its growing pains, in an outspoken attack was made on the Duce by Galeazzo Matteotti, extreme Socialist deputy, was accused of having misappropriated large sums of money in connection with the funds of the State. Whether these charges had any foundation does not very much concern this story, but the fact remains that shortly before Matteotti's prosecution he was killed. The alleged murderer was charged against Mussolini, he was ambushed in a car and stabbed to death.

Now, first of all, let me say, incidentally, that the death was undoubtedly the result of the anti-Fascist movement in Italy, which was then being controlled by one of Mussolini's closest friends, Cesare Rossi. It has been said that Matteotti was murdered on the orders of the Fascists, although later Rossi and others are said to have written a confession to this effect. They have never been published.

Now, the actual murder was committed by an ex-Chicago gangster named Amerigo Tommaseo, who, an Italian by birth, and having made Chicago his home, was a member of the Italian Mafia. He had entered the service of the Fascist (now the Terrorist) Police founded on the basis of the notorious Russian Secret Police of the same name, although spent Ceca in Italian prison. It is said, however, that he was shot at his trial for the murder of the Socialist deputy Matteotti that after each killing he notched his gun in to obtain a reward to the king of the underworld.

It is said that he was released from prison on the basis of his arrest for having killed Matteotti that was

Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguiled Army and Navy Officers to Secure Armament Secrets and Sold Them to Enemy Nations, Reveals How Espionage Agents Work and Explains How She Herself Was Trapped and Imprisoned in France



The Breton Restaurant at the Corner of the Place St. Michel, Paris, Overlooking the Seine, Where Cesare Rossi Dined With the Italian Spy, a Careless Step Which Was to Lead Him Into the Clutches of Mussolini's Political Police



Dr. Hermann Goertz, a German Secret Inquiry Agent, Who Was Caught in England and Sentenced to Four Years' Imprisonment.

...the sound of running
...they were coming from
...about to take to his heels when,
...were dropping him, fighting and
...to fight.

...which he was
...the Soviet dep
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...the Co
...and bears
...a long confes
...he had roomed
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...a statement
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...a knife thrown
...by a skilful hand
...and intended for
...his back took a
...off his ear.
...he lived in hourly
...fear of his life,
...and slept with a
...automatic
...beside his bed.
...that he had not been a Chief of Secret Police him
...for nothing. He knew every trick of the game, and
...every attempt of the Ceca to kill him.
...the grim joke about it all was that the Secret Service
...that sought him was composed of men who had
...fiercely been his subordinates.

...In the Questura at Rome the Ceca puzzled its
...head how to trap the dangerous fugitive. At last
...someone had what they thought was a bright idea.
..."Rossi has only one weakness," this intelligent
...officer said, "Women. Why not send an attractive
...girl to lure him into a trap?"

...The idea was voted an excellent one. An attractive
...young dancer, Suza Carninetta, who had
...many times before worked for the Secret Service,
...was sent for and told to proceed to Paris at once,
...make the acquaintance of Rossi, and to spare no
...expense.

...Ever since he had begun his attacks on Mus
...Cesare Rossi has been kept under close ob
...servation by the Paris emissaries of the Italian
...Secret Service. So when Suza Carninetta reported
...fiat in Paris she was immediately given all the
...necessary details concerning her quarry. At that
...time Rossi was occupying a small apartment in the
...Rue des Ecoles on the left bank, and as an apart
...ment it had many unusual features. To prevent
...observation he had steel shutters fixed to all the
...windows, and the middle of the front door was
...camouflaged with a secret observation post
...through which he could scrutinize his visitors be
...fore admitting them. I know this, because at the
...time I happened to have come to Paris on a secret
...mission from Geneva, and made the close acquain
...tance of the man that the Italian police sought to
...place in the spot.

...Often he used to sit and chat together on the
...terrace of the Cafe Dreher overlooking the Seine,
...and more often than not two members of the Duce's
...Ceca would be sitting not far away. Rossi knew
...they were there, of course, and with humor would
...politely raise his hat to them when we left—an
...ironical "Good-night." Under his left arm
...there was strapped a heavy automatic in the manner
...of American gangsters, and Rossi being a dead shot,
...his enemies did not dare to engage him in open
...fight.

...So there came to Paris Suza Carninetta, the
...beautiful recent provocateur to lure Rossi to des
...truction. With the discretion of a clever and

...trained operative, Suza set to work pre
...paring her trap. She did not attempt
...herself to get in touch with her quarry.
...Oh, dear, no, that would have been too
...crude. It was essential that he should
...approach her. Luck was in her path,
...however, for it so happened that there
...proved to be an apartment empty in
...the same house as Rossi was living, and
...within a few days of her arrival in
...Paris, Suza was ensconced as one of
...Rossi's neighbors.

...Subtly, skilfully, she prepared—pre
...tending that she was an art student who
...had one of her rooms fitted up as a stu
...dio, and wearing a smock would pretend
...to paint by her window, so that Rossi
...could see her whenever he returned
...home. Very quickly the Italian's eye
...noted the great beauty of his new neigh
...bor, and it was not long before he was
...raising his hat to her, and she was smil
...ing acknowledgment to him. Once he
...met her on the stairs, and stood aside
...to let her pass, and when she murmured
...her thanks in Italian, his subjugation
...was complete.

...Casualty Rossi would mention her to me
...when we met in the evening, and I
...thought that it was just a flirtation un
...til the day when he discovered that she was Italian.
...When he excitedly told me that the beautiful mys
...tery girl was a country-woman of his, my woman's
...instinct scented danger immediately, and I said
...bluntly to Rossi:

"Are you sure, Cesare, that she has not been
...sent?"

...For a moment a flash of fear came into his
...eyes, then he guffawed disbelief. How could such
...a sweet, beautiful creature have anything to do
...with the Fascist Secret Police. Such an idea was
...simply ludicrous. I saw that it was useless to argue
...with Rossi. He was very obviously head over heels
...in love with the pretty Italian, and it is sheer waste
...of time to try and argue a man in love out of his
...amorous affliction. Unfortunately, and particu
...larly so for Rossi, my work for the moment in
...Paris was finished (it was to consult with the
..."Armaments King" mentioned in an earlier article,
...the armaments seller who betrayed me when I was
...at Bret), and I was due back in Geneva to make a
...report. I was forced, therefore, to leave Cesare
...Rossi to his fate. What that fate was you shall
...now hear.

...A man in love usually can see no fault in the
...object of his affections, for love is blind. Hardly
...had my train pulled out of the Gare de Lyon be
...fore Cesare Rossi was knocking on Suza Carnin
...etta's door with a bouquet in his hand, and a love
...light in his eyes. Charming, elusive, the beautiful
...emissary from Rome did not accept immediately
...the attentions of her quarry. For over a week she
...smiled at him from her balcony, thanked him
...charmingly for his gifts of flowers, and replied
...politely to his greetings, but immediately Rossi
...attempted anything more intimate or personal she
...slammed the door in his face, metaphorically
...speaking, of course.

...Then came the great day in Cesare's love life
...when his would-be innamorata agreed to dine with
...him one evening. Eight-thirty saw them dining a
...deux at the little Italian restaurant—with the
...check tablecloths—at the corner of the Place St.
...Michel, overlooking the Seine. Maybe the reader
...knows this particular restaurant and its celebrated
...whisky? Little did the Italian ex-Secret Police
...Chief realize that his dinner that night with his
...charming vis-a-vis was the beginning of an en
...tangement which was to land him in Mussolini's
...political penitentiary for thirty
...years. Had he known, he would have fled from his

...lovely companion as from a leper, or would he?
...One never knows with a woman who is like this. Pos
...sibly he would have even sold out to the
...savour the fruits of the flesh without placing his
...own safety in jeopardy.

...Over dinner Cesare Rossi gave me an insight
...under the spell of the lovely secret. Suza Carnin
...netta is indeed a handsome woman, and was
...one of the first of those who had seen a
...Prince once thought to be dead, and who had been
...versary so recently, that his life was a desperate
...Under the spell of Suza's voluptuous beauty poured
...out to her the story of his life and of the raw
...deal he had received at the hands of his erst
...while friends.

...Look over there, In 1918, I was a young man
...sitting at that table near the restaurant men
...bers of the Ceca. There is a page of 100,000
...lira on my head in Paris, and they would have
...known better than to let me go. I know that
...I know it. I know it. I know it. I know it.

...tapped the automatic pistol lying in his pocket
...under his left arm, and his eyes widened in
...alarm, beautifully illustrating for all to see the
...safety of the new scheme.

...Cesare's purpose in coming to Paris was to
...tender interest. He had made a complete
...all Paris in the spring, and the lovely crea
...ture. One can understand from his glowing story
...thing from his hand but the most dangerous prospect
...in front of him. It was to be a question of what
...were the thoughts that passed through his
...mind as he sat there playing with our glass,
...her lips parted, her eyes reflecting a vision as
...gazed into the adoring eyes of her quarry, a
...tugress, ready to do anything to win him, and
...how am I to be able to resist her? He had his
...own accomplices prepared to do her bidding, and
...nature's deadly enemies.

...I wonder what part of the story he told
...that night, rotting away in the prison of the
...Laparri. Does he recall the way he was treated
...in Paris, that night of his capture, the lovely
...betrayer, with other things? I know
...Cesare I should imagine that he was full
...all with philosophic calm as a game, when he
...lost. Anyway, not many days later he had
...Carninetta's studio apartment was seized and
...occupied by the police. I know this, for I was
...less, installed in the apartment house, and
...passed. Summer had turned into winter. It was
...two months since Suza had abandoned her
...liaison with Cesare.

...One might be tempted to believe that he was
...it would be to leave Paris, to go to the coast, and
...he had, however, some reason for staying in
...Normandy. But he did not. He did not.

...Let us go back to the story of the night
...a real heart-breaker. We are back to the
...lake, and he is no longer.

...Rossi pined in the prison, but was eventu
...ally agreed that he was a prisoner and they were
...A few days after his capture, he was taken
...Paris in the national penitentiary. What Cesare
...did not know was that Suza, sent to Rome, was
...ing the Ceca that the story was true, and that
...the trap. Arrived at the prison, Suza was so
...and charming that she had not only won back
...Rossi had of the Shadow of Death, which I had
...pursuing him for years. The only part of the
...went for walks, sailed on the lake, and made
...love.

...One afternoon Suza suggested that I should
...hire a car and take her to the lake. I was
...only too pleased to fall in with the scheme. I had
...loved one. He would not have felt a day in his
...mind had he known that the story was true.

(Continued on Page 52)



Eight different cheese delicacies . . . smooth-spreading, flavorful . . . *with a goodness you'd expect from Kraft!* Taste them real soon . . . learn how handy they are . . .



Cream cheese spread with 1% salt and 1% butter. A versatile spread for breads.



Here's Philadelphia Cream Cheese made fresh with chopped olives and pimento.



Cream cheese mixed with a spicy sweet pickle relish. Just as good as it looks and smells!



Cream cheese with the added dash of scarlet pimento. One of the most popular varieties!



A spread for breads, sandwiches, and more. Perfect for a quick appetizer.



Smooth cream cheese spread with 1% salt and 1% butter. Perfect for a quick appetizer.



This is the spreadable Goodie with the tangy on-the-tongue snap. Marries plain or toasted.

Appetizer tray, aboves! Crackers and "fingers" of bread with Teez, Old English Spread, Kraft Buttered and Pimento Cream Spreads. Rolled sandwiches made like this cut slice of fresh bread lengthwise of loaf. Put Kraft Spreads on generously, roll like jelly roll, cut in 1 1/2" portions.

HERE'S THE
NEW ONE...
Teez



* Tantalizing appetizers that get your dinner party off to a grand start! Interesting new salads for your bridge club! Wholesome, luscious-centered sandwiches for Junior's hurried lunch! A quick snack to serve with the cold drinks when folks drop in for the evening! A smart cracker-and-cheese dessert that shows your most critical guest you're "in the know" about menus. A surprise treat for a refrigerator-raiding husband! . . . These are a few of the hits you'll score with Kraft Cheese Spreads!

What's more—while you're getting acquainted with the different kinds, you'll be collecting a gay set of Swankyswig glasses. Here are lovely little beverage glasses you'll use over and over again! Start your set of Swankyswigs tomorrow morning by ordering several varieties of Kraft Cheese Spreads!

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ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY

KRAFT

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FREE THE NEW KRAFT RECIPE BOOK!

Blend new tricks with cheese . . . make delicious meat dishes, salads, desserts . . . help find answers you'll find them in Kraft's new book! *Free! The New Kraft Recipe Book!*

Home Economics Kitchen, Kraft Foods Cheese Corp., 121 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

Please send me free: *Free! The New Kraft Recipe Book!*

Name

Street

City

In Swankyswig glasses
you'll use again and again

HEAR THE KRAFT RADIO SHOW!
Kraft Foods Corporation
121 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

It's hot hit for appetizers! Called Teez, because it has such a tangy, zingy flavor. A surprise revelation you mustn't miss. And it's packed in a brand new design Swankyswig glass—decorated with sea blue sailing vessels!

It's the refreshing thing to do



At Fountains



In Bottles

At the theatre, at dances or in whatever part you play in your busy day, the time comes for an intermission. *Intermission* is just another word for *pause*, and *pause* is just another word for *idle moment*... unless you raise an ice-cold Coca-Cola to your lips and make it *the pause that refreshes*.

p. s. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is what refreshment ought to be, — pure... wholesome... delicious.



5¢



Whoever you are, whatever you do, wherever you may be... when you think of refreshment, think of Coca-Cola. For Coca-Cola makes any pause the pause that refreshes... and ice-cold Coca-Cola is everywhere

Everywhere and any time

FOR

SUPERFEX
Oil Burning HEATERS

7 Grand Prize Winners
Gold Medal Nomination
Sweepstakes Selected

A Short Story Complete
in This Issue

He Poked the
small Fern Up
and Faid Her
Tenderly on the
Long Chair.

He Picked the
Small Form Up
and Laid Her
Tenderly on the
Long Chair.

"... something," he said to her, and she must take their

[illegible][illegible]

He always felt better, some-
times when he was performing,
but sometimes and still more
often when he was silent in the
room with me for some hours,
when he worked at his papers or
his pen. A great peace and
tranquillity would seem to per-
vade the house, causing him to
forget the world and fly to its in-
terior.

He had been so severely beaten that he was barely able to move, with his head buried in the ground. Ning pined for her in the region of the mountains, but could do nothing to save her. He had to wait until she was dead before he could return to his home. He had to tell her that he was abandoning altogether his outward observations. He waited Ning pined when he had shaken on his own race that she would be paid to her "old boy" to make him rich.

No spouse could shake his head gently saying did not his work provide?

There were times, however, when he seemed strangely excited and even cross with her, who in the early days had never had a very word and she dimly sensed an undercurrent of anxiety when he never put into words. On such occasions she would prepare herself for hours in the "long, long minutes" before the "long, long minutes" of the "long, long minutes" and a day or two or later, he would return, apparently very

The one subject that remained an impassable barrier between them was the mysterious English family that belonged to him alone.

They were not children it seemed, neither were they grown-up men and women, and what he knew about them was very little indeed.

There were only two of them but the name might have been legion for the spiritual gulf that yawned between Stevenson and himself if she ever hazarded a question about them. They were miles and leagues away in the country, but she had a sense that they overshadowed everything.

She early learned to desert from outward interest, and gleaned no science in his more expansive moments; often, also, his most anxious era. He would murmur a few words, "know" the meaning of a word which actually was "University" whose pronunciation she could never grasp and abandoned the attempt with a vague conception of some sort of an adults' school.

HAI

ONE



Asahi Lager Beer

No Bitter



Still no B
TH

The girl was like her mother he had once said and shut his lips upon the war as though that would never open again. She gradually let this mystery sink to the background of her life and gave herself up to the living of the absorbing present.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

F & HA

SWEL

Reach new heights
last year's taxes. Smo
full-bodied tobacco
the fingers. Made in
No. 1,770,920. See
Tastes good. Your

H A
e Safe

A nail polish that won't
thicken in the bottle?
I can't believe it!

But it's true! Every last drop of **GLAZO** stays perfect—never turns thick or gummy.



So that's why your
nails always look
so beautiful!

But that's not all. **GLAZO** lasts so much longer, never chips off—and **GLAZO'S** colors are the grandest you ever saw!



WHY tolerate polish that this Kenmore machine, in use for half a century, proved by open-bottle test against ten competing brands, stays perfect to the last drop while others become unusable.

Glaze lasts days longer. Exclusive, fashion-approved colours. No chipping, peeling or cracking. Try the new Glaze Royale. Misty Rose, Suntan, Russet, and Cherry Red. Only \$1.99 each.

GLAZO



EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of *The American Weekly*. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

(Continued on Page 29)

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!



Reach new heights of pipe-pleasure with Half & Half. Cool as a hill for last year's taxes. Sweet as the proof you don't owe a dime. Creamy, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF ^{AND} HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Costs the Rev. Mr. Gattis \$18,000 to Make a Good Woman Out of Mrs. Paige

After the first of the year, the Rev. Mr. Gattis, of the First Baptist Church, was called upon to officiate at the wedding of Mrs. Paige, of the same church, to Mr. Gattis, of the same church. The wedding was held at the home of Mrs. Paige, and was a most successful one. The Rev. Mr. Gattis, in his sermon, made a most interesting and instructive address, and the wedding was a most successful one. The Rev. Mr. Gattis, in his sermon, made a most interesting and instructive address, and the wedding was a most successful one.

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GOD-BYE, SANDPAPER HANDS! A wet and tickly *Not a drop of water!* HINDS "DRINK IN" Quicker-Acting Lotion. Use It! HINDS "DRINK IN" Quicker-Acting Lotion. Use It!

Dry Hands
"DRINK IN"
QUICKER-ACTING
LOTION

SWEETEST LITTLE FELLOW
HINDS "DRINK IN" Quicker-Acting Lotion. Use It!

Relativity By Winifred Grant

After the first of the year, the Rev. Mr. Gattis, of the First Baptist Church, was called upon to officiate at the wedding of Mrs. Paige, of the same church, to Mr. Gattis, of the same church. The wedding was held at the home of Mrs. Paige, and was a most successful one. The Rev. Mr. Gattis, in his sermon, made a most interesting and instructive address, and the wedding was a most successful one.

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HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING...
NOT WATERY!

That "tinge of pink" means dental danger. See your dentist.

Don't be a "DENTAL CRIPPLE"

Help your dentist—give your gums the work they need—
Switch TO IPANA AND MASSAGE today

THAT first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it looks—but how serious it can be! Neglected, it may mean the start of a real dental tragedy—a smile lost and loveliness ruined. That's why your dentist—every modern dentist—advises "Never let gum troubles start."

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—when you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist. It may be a signal of serious gum trouble. But it's far more likely to be a simple warning of gums robbed of work by our modern menus—gums that need more work and stimulation—gums that will quickly re-

Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

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© 1931 by American World, Inc. Glee, Bette, Frank, and...

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[illegible]

Keep Your Eye on the Bull *By Edwin Rutt*

(Continued from Page 25)

The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The second part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The third part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The ninth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries. The tenth part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the effects of the 1997-1998 Asian financial crisis on the economies of the Asian countries.

Figure 1 shows the results of the first two steps of the procedure. The first step is the identification of the relevant variables. The second step is the identification of the relevant relationships. The third step is the identification of the relevant data. The fourth step is the identification of the relevant methods. The fifth step is the identification of the relevant results. The sixth step is the identification of the relevant conclusions. The seventh step is the identification of the relevant recommendations. The eighth step is the identification of the relevant references. The ninth step is the identification of the relevant sources. The tenth step is the identification of the relevant authors. The eleventh step is the identification of the relevant titles. The twelfth step is the identification of the relevant abstracts. The thirteenth step is the identification of the relevant keywords. The fourteenth step is the identification of the relevant subject headings. The fifteenth step is the identification of the relevant descriptors. The sixteenth step is the identification of the relevant terms. The seventeenth step is the identification of the relevant concepts. The eighteenth step is the identification of the relevant ideas. The nineteenth step is the identification of the relevant theories. The twentieth step is the identification of the relevant models. The twenty-first step is the identification of the relevant frameworks. The twenty-second step is the identification of the relevant approaches. The twenty-third step is the identification of the relevant methods. The twenty-fourth step is the identification of the relevant techniques. The twenty-fifth step is the identification of the relevant procedures. The twenty-sixth step is the identification of the relevant processes. The twenty-seventh step is the identification of the relevant systems. The twenty-eighth step is the identification of the relevant structures. The twenty-ninth step is the identification of the relevant components. The thirtieth step is the identification of the relevant parts. The thirty-first step is the identification of the relevant elements. The thirty-second step is the identification of the relevant factors. The thirty-third step is the identification of the relevant influences. The thirty-fourth step is the identification of the relevant effects. The thirty-fifth step is the identification of the relevant outcomes. The thirty-sixth step is the identification of the relevant results. The thirty-seventh step is the identification of the relevant findings. The thirty-eighth step is the identification of the relevant conclusions. The thirty-ninth step is the identification of the relevant recommendations. The fortieth step is the identification of the relevant references. The forty-first step is the identification of the relevant sources. The forty-second step is the identification of the relevant authors. 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The ninety-eighth step is the identification of the relevant effects. The ninety-ninth step is the identification of the relevant outcomes. The hundredth step is the identification of the relevant results.

For the past few moments the Senior had been directing epithets at a highly unimplymentary nature at the bull. The senior had also been jumping up and down in an offensive manner and had already hurled his next cushion with a magnificent air of superiority into the ring. Therefore, when the Senior suddenly provided neither with bottles nor fruit, he found himself in a most embarrassing situation when the firing began for the second time. He had nothing left to throw.

From time to time during the fight Mase had recalled the words of the old man and perceived that he was an irregularly repellent young man. Now the stream of abuse that he had been pouring forth was totally unintelligible to her, but she felt toward improving his behavior. She was the daughter of a fact. Miss Maxwell would have been ashamed to let her son, the younger brother of Senator Don Manuel Ricardo de Masero y Gomez belonged to the same class as that which was the cause of all his trouble.

A correlative to his own state of mind, the young man continued to speak to her in the same manner. He was named upon Marshall assumed that it would be pretty much the same. If it were not for the fact that he was a fashionable man, Miss life would have been ashamed to let her son, the younger brother of Senator Don Manuel Ricardo de Masero y Gomez, belong to the same class as that which was the cause of all his trouble.

She played the hat on the table.

Mañero y Gomez went out like a

It was probably an accident that I found a specimen that the majority of the people there at the moment the season arrived, at the west side of the river, in the bright light of the sun, on the river bank, the two cases of minor sand flies. The flies had been a very bad pest, but they had been gone for a long time. I found a few of them, but they were not the same as the ones I had seen in the country, and they were not the same as the ones I had seen in the country, and they were not the same as the ones I had seen in the country.

[illegible]
$$S(\mathbf{y}) = \mathbf{y}^T \mathbf{A} \mathbf{y} + \mathbf{b}^T \mathbf{y} + c, \quad \mathbf{y} \in \mathbb{R}^n, \quad \mathbf{A} \in \mathbb{R}^{n \times n}, \quad \mathbf{b} \in \mathbb{R}^n, \quad c \in \mathbb{R}.$$
[illegible][illegible]

Sani-Flush
CLEANS THROAT
WITHOUT SCOURING

BACKACHE
CAUSED BY
MOTHERHOOD

THE REAL DOUBTS of real life characters—actual names of people out there—are given in the true street-printed version, this time, in *The American Weekly*. That is of the character is different from other popular news magazines.

A HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

for
*Crepey
Throats*



The donor had suffered about all he could of this ability-analytically. He was now in a kind of disapproving dilemma and he did not know perhaps. And he had flung his one and only sent cushion, a *poor offering* which he had been asked to give, to the man who was at last asking for what he had to warrant the entire city of Paupers being thrown at him. It was a pretty state of affairs, that was what. And according to the *Scissors* code of honor, something must be done about this bull at last.

The Latin, suddenly, his eyes
flashed open Gila Mayfield's hat and
a wolfish expression entered
them.

The Latin are an impetuous
race. With the quickness of a
snake striking, the Señor's hand
shot forward. The next instant
Gila's gorgeous hat, created by
buying hands in the Rue de la
Paix, Paris, was sailing earth-
wards to join the disreputable
ranks of bread, bottles, meat
cushions, old and new fur
rained about foul and malarial
Shading his eyes after the flash-
ing of a marksmen who has
just put one off at a luncheon
the Señor watched it. Then
he saw it was well satisfied

In this backstage world of ours, when a guy suddenly grabs your hat and hurls it away from a but one normal course of life. For a second you're stunned and surprised. The moment you recover you look to the play. As Mayfield reacted normally. She passed a second being stunned and surprised. After without further ado, she slipped her green silk parasol, drew back her right arm as do Helen Wills when serving a fast backhand, and flung it down upon the Castilian bays of Señor Don Manuel Ricardo's Maderya to the floor.

ment was that of an average angel. He had Gina's name written in his left hand. In a flash, when he branched his right arm, though only a few feet from the car, he had a finger in the door handle.

Mr. Pennell, a 44-year-old, was sitting in the car.

Mr. Pennell said he did not know the man who had crashed his truck into the car. Reporter Don Martin, Ricardo A. Madron y Gomez.

One crack out of 4000 girls snatched Mr. Pennell. "I was

leave you littered all around me.
I'm more eager to take on the
Spanish Armada.

He spoke in English, but to
foreign to his audience. His
accent seemed to be
perfectly fit failed to
(The Chief in All the
land).

Mr. Pennell said he was
simply frightened to
China men and stop the
the stands. He
steering him to the
piety out of the
street.

Not far from the
what they had to do
about that day just as I

[illegible]

ELIMINATION *in*

invalids a

THEIR LIVES are threatened by two factors that combine to make them a special case for the health care system. First, they are people who are not able to take care of themselves. Second, they are people who are not able to take care of their families. The result is that the health care system is often overwhelmed by the needs of these people. The health care system is often overwhelmed by the needs of these people.



convalescents.

and the aged

ELIMINATION in convalescents, invalids and the aged

[illegible]

There is a growing concern in Nigeria that the country's economic development is being held back by the lack of adequate infrastructure facilities. In the past, the government has been unable to meet the demand for infrastructure facilities, and this has led to a decline in the country's economic growth. The government has been unable to meet the demand for infrastructure facilities, and this has led to a decline in the country's economic growth. The government has been unable to meet the demand for infrastructure facilities, and this has led to a decline in the country's economic growth.

Recipes Readers Request

Chicken Cooked with Wine.
Fillet of chicken 4 pound 1 salt pork
Lightly brown with 2 tablespoons
butter. Remove butter. Add 4 minced
onions and 2 cups white wine. Simmer
until crushed chicken is fairly
soft. Add 1 carrot and a piece of bay
leaf. Cook gently until delicately
tender. Remove vegetables and
strain. Simmer 1 disjuncted
young chicken in the fat. Sprinkle
chicken lightly with 2 tablespoons
flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1
tablespoon chervil, 1 tablespoon
parsley, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
of thyme and paprika to taste,
and mix well. Return the browned
vegetables and add 1 tablespoon
browned butter. Simmer 10 minutes
and cook about 15 minutes,
stirring frequently. During the
last 5 or 10 minutes add 4 pound
mushrooms. Excellent when
served with 1/2 cup cream, 1/2
cup salad and lemon juice.
French dressing.

Golden Soufflé
MELT 3 tablespoons butter in a
 small saucepan over low heat. Add
 1 cup milk or cream and 1/2 cup
 grated cheddar, and stir until
 thick and smooth. Add 1/2 cup
 yeast beaten with 1/2 cup milk and
 a few drops vegetable oil. Fold in
 1/2 cup sifted flour. Beat well. Cover
 and let rise in a warm place for
 10 to 15 minutes. Turn into a
 4-ounce soufflé dish. Bake in a
 preheated 350°F oven for 15 to
 20 minutes. Sprinkle with
 1/2 cup shredded cheddar as
 you wish. This soufflé can be
 drained canned peaches or apri-
 cots in bottom of baking dish.
 Turn out on a serving platter and
 garnish with sauce and a swirl of
 cream.
 Before the soufflé is baked,
 sprinkle with 4 tablespoons of
 brown sugar. Add 1/2 cup
 brown sugar to the milk and
 yeast mixture. Beat with mixer
 until smooth. Sprinkle with 1/2
 cup sugar. Bake with 415°F
 oven. Serve with
 sauce.

[illegible]

work. It's important to the point of
eliminating clean water from the
household. The use of Nujol is
recommended for these situations and
not for long-term application. For more
information, please contact us. A listing
of distributors for Nujol is on the
reverse.

Nujol

INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

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New York, New York

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS
ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE

There is a Simple, Easy Way
MARRIAGE HYGIENE can be difficult to maintain. Doctor Ben Phono Form is recommended to accomplish the same good of powerful medicine, but without the usual side effects. Each dose represents a complete in itself. No danger of "overdose" or "underdose," soothing and effective. At all drug stores.

Dr. Ben Phono Form
DORO-PHENO-FORM

Dr. Ben Phono Form, Dept. 117, The Food Factors, St. George, D.C.

Please send me a trial package of Dr. Ben Phono Form and ingredients listed. I enclose the sum which, if possible, when I purchase for my regular use.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Corns
Lift Right Out!

Just drop FREEZONE on any tender, fleshy corn. Quickly it stops aching. Then in a few days you lift it off without any pain. It works like a charm. Seems like magic!

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

LUBRICATES
CLEANS
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL

NEW LIFE FOR HINGES, LOCKS, GEAR, HOIST AND SPRINGS, ETC.
 MOTOR OILS, GREASE, WAXES, ETC.
 ELECTRIC MOTORS, FLOORS, FURNITURE, ETC.

for LITTLE KIDS

NEW-SKIN
 AT ALL DRUGGISTS—15, 30 AND 50c

Beware of FOOT ITCH

ATHLETES FOOT

Dr. Scholl's

Dr. Scholl's Sox

THE as other issues of THE AMERICAN SOX, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Dried Fruit Recipes

Apricot Candies: Three-quarters cup dried apricots, 1/2 cup walnut meats, 1/2 cup moist shredded coconut, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange pulp. Wash apricots and put them with nuts through the food chopper. Add to this the coconut, the lemon juice and the grated rind. Mix and knead well. Roll out on a sugared board to about 1/4 inch thickness. Cut into squares and roll in powdered sugar. Pack in tin.

Ginger Fig Compote: To each pound of dried figs allow 2 quarts of boiling water. Let figs stand in this water overnight. Bring to a boil, and add enough granulated sugar to taste. Simmer 20 minutes. Remove fruit with skimmer to a serving dish. To the remaining syrup add 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel and 2 tablespoons minced candied or preserved ginger, and boil down syrup to a rich thick consistency. Pour over fruit. Chill.

Compote of Dried Figs: Rinse dried figs by dropping into boiling water and boiling 4 minutes, then drain and rinse with cold water. In a new saucepan, add figs with fresh hot water and cook rapidly for about 20 minutes. Remove fruit to serving dish. To remaining syrup add 2 whole cloves and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, and boil down syrup to a rich thick consistency. Pour over fruit. Chill. Serve plain or with this custard sauce.

Apricot Tea Tarts: Two cups cooked dried apricots, 12 cooking marshmallows cut into quarters, 1/2 cup whipped cream, 6 tart shells, candied or Maraschino cherries. Make tart shells of this paste in either regular scalloped tin or in shallow muffin tin, and bake at light brown. Rub apricots through a sieve. Blend the cut marshmallows with whipped cream and add to the sieved apricots. Fill tart shells with mixture and serve at once, garnishing with cherry in center of each.

Raisin Peach Salad: Two-thirds cup seedless raisins, 1 1/2 cups cottage or cream cheese, 3 tablespoons pickle relish, salt, 2 canned pineapples, 8 halves canned peaches, 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Cover raisins with boiling water and let stand 3 minutes. Drain, dry on tissue and slice with scalars. Mash cream cheese, add sliced raisins, relish, salt and 1 pineapple cut fine. Arrange peach halves, centers up, on individual plates garnished with lettuce. Pack centers with fruit cheese mixture, garnish with strips of pineapple and pineapple on top, and top with whirl of stiff mayonnaise. This may be made alone with canned apricot halves, using three pieces to each salad. Serves 6.

Spiced Prune Meat Relish: Two cups prunes, 2 pieces 3-inch stick cinnamon, 2 teaspoons whole cloves, 2 teaspoons whole allspice berries, 1 1/2 cups cider vinegar, 4 cups water, 3 cups light brown sugar. Combine water, vinegar, sugar and spices tied in a bag and bring to a boil. Add prunes and continue simmering 1 hour, covered. Seal while not too far from cold. Makes about 1 quart.

Pear Macaroni Salad: Use halves of canned or stewed dried pears, macaroni, cranberries, Maraschino cherries, 1 package cream cheese, lettuce, mayonnaise. To prepare relish, roll dry macaroni with rolling pin until of fine consistency. Drain pears of juice. Mash cheese and leaf smooth, then spread a thin layer over one half pear. Cover with another half pear. Dip the whole pear thus formed in macaroni relish. Set pear in deep cup of lettuce. Garnish with 2 cherries at tip and end place upon or mayonnaise at side of pear. Serve very cold.

Prune Peanut Salad: Eighteen large prunes, 1/2 cup minced pears, peanut butter, mayonnaise, lettuce. Soak prunes in water overnight, and drain and chill. Remove pits and fill centers with softened peanut butter. Make cups of lettuce and lay 3 stuffed prunes on lettuce. Sprinkle with minced pears. Put whirl of stiff mayonnaise in center of prunes. Serves 6. May be made with chopped walnuts or Brazil nuts, and use softened cream cheese or marshmallows as filling.

Baked Apple Cobbler: One egg, 1 cup granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 cup raisins, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups dried apricots cooked and drained. Lay apricots in bottom of well-greased shallow baking casserole. Make batter by beating egg, adding sugar and combining with sifted dry ingredients added alternately with milk. Beat well and add melted butter last. Pour over fruit. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., 30 minutes.

Appetizing Apricot Sauce: 1 cup cooked apricots, add

1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 cup apricot juice. Blend 2 tablespoons cornstarch in cold water, add to other ingredients and cook until smooth and thick. Pass in separate small pitcher. Chilled whipped cream may be heaped on top of pudding. Serves 6.

Baked Prune Whip in Orange Cups: One cup evaporated milk, 1 cup cooked prunes, 3 large oranges, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, grains salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg whites, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Scald milk in double boiler and chill. Put prunes and pulp through fine knife of food chopper. Cut oranges in half crosswise and remove pulp. Cut pulp freed from membrane into small pieces making 1/2 cup of dried orange pulp. Combine prunes and orange pulp with powdered sugar, cinnamon and salt. Whip well-chilled milk until it starts to thicken, add lemon juice slowly and continue beating until very thick. Fold prune mixture into whipped milk, blending lightly. Pack mixture into the 6 orange shells and set in shallow baking pan. Spread with meringue made by whipping

egg whites with granulated sugar. Bake moderate oven or at about 375 deg. for 7 minutes. Or, omit meringue, bake and serve with chilled whipped cream. Serves 6.

Aunt Mattie's Molasses Cake: Two cups needed raisins, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup melted butter or shortening, 1/2 cup dark molasses, 3 well-beaten eggs, 3/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoons baking soda, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup boiling water, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Rinse raisins, dry on tissue and chop medium-fine. Cream sugar, butter and molasses thoroughly. Add chopped raisins. Add well-beaten eggs. Add all dry ingredients twice sifted together and beat mixture thoroughly. Add soda to boiling water and add vanilla. Pour into 2 square cake pans or 3 small (8-inch) cake pans. Bake moderate oven, or at about 375 deg., for 30 minutes. Spread with plain butter frosting or a marshmallow cream frosting. This is also good made in a single loaf pan and spread with a chocolate butter frosting. It keeps moist some time.

NOW! LAST PUFF AS SWEET AS FIRST

NEW
FREE-BURNING TOBACCO
MILD DOWN TO THE HEEL

EDGEWORTH Junior TOBACCO

15¢ a tin

Special Introductory Offer
 Tins of 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000 cigarettes. Each tin of 100 cigarettes contains a tin of Edgeworth Junior for the ready pipe smoker, and Edgeworth Junior for the ones who smoke both pipe and cigarettes.

Special Edgeworth Junior Introductory Offer
 Send us only 10¢ and one tin of Edgeworth Junior for the ready pipe smoker, and Edgeworth Junior for the ones who smoke both pipe and cigarettes. Send us only 10¢ and one tin of Edgeworth Junior for the ready pipe smoker, and Edgeworth Junior for the ones who smoke both pipe and cigarettes. Send us only 10¢ and one tin of Edgeworth Junior for the ready pipe smoker, and Edgeworth Junior for the ones who smoke both pipe and cigarettes.

THIS COUPON WORTH 40¢!

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

This offer good only through Nov. 10, 1936

CAMAY OFFERS

\$1,000

EVERY YEAR

OF YOUR LIFE!

ALSO 5 PRIZES OF \$1,000 EACH
AND 1,000 PRIZES OF \$10 EACH

How would you like it if someone handed you a cool \$1,000 in cash—told you there would be another \$1,000 for you, rolling in steadily year after year—financial security and freedom from worry for the rest of your life?

Think of it, one minute of your time may win you the Grand Prize—\$1,000 a year for life or a \$100 payment of \$12,000 cash. And remember—there are 1,005 other big cash awards. Why, right in your own section of the country alone there are 201 local prizes—one prize of \$1,000 cash and 200 prizes of \$10 each.

HERE'S HOW AND HERE'S WHY!

We offer you this wonderful opportunity because we want you to try Camay, the world-famous beauty soap. For we are sure that once you have used Camay—once you see how it helps your complexion—you'll be a Camay fan forever. Just see if it isn't the mildest soap you ever used!—note how that fragrant, generous Camay lather cleanses so deeply, so thoroughly. Have you ever felt such a stimulating afterglow! Have you ever seen such results as the smoother, younger look that comes to your face!

And it's such an easy contest! All you do is get three cakes of Camay and try it (it costs so little). Check the Camay quality you like best—see listing below—and

then in 25 words or less, tell us why you like that quality. Simple—isn't it?

And now, Good Luck! Buy Camay today and enter this simple Camay Contest. No matter where you live, you have a fair and equal chance to win an income of \$1,000 a year for life or one of 1,005 other Big Cash Prizes. Don't pass up this chance!

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. From the list below, check the quality you like best in Camay. Then, in the space provided, tell us in about 25 words why you prefer this quality.
2. Print plainly on this entry blank your name and address and the name and address of the dealer from whom you buy Camay. Attach this Camay wrapper, or facsimile, and mail your entry to Camay, Dept. AW, Box 625, Cincinnati, Ohio. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 30th, 1936.
3. Send in as many entries as you wish, provided each is a separate entry blank in sheet of plain paper, each bears your name and address, the name and address of dealer, and is accompanied by one Camay wrapper or facsimile.
4. The National Prize of \$1,000 a Year Plus Life will be awarded to the winner of the contest. The quality judged will be the one that the majority of the judges will find the most desirable. The names of the judges will be sent. No entries received after the date of prize drawing will be considered on the March 15th issue of Liberty Magazine, on or around March 15th.
5. Judges will award prizes to the entire where, in their opinion, gives the most original, appropriate, and concise results in selecting the quality you like best. The quality checked tips on influence on the judges.
6. Entries will be sent to the National Prize Drawing, National Contest, and the quality judged will be the one that the majority of the judges will find the most desirable. The names of the judges will be sent. No entries received after the date of prize drawing will be considered on the March 15th issue of Liberty Magazine, on or around March 15th.
7. Entries may be sent to the National Prize Drawing, National Contest, and the quality judged will be the one that the majority of the judges will find the most desirable. The names of the judges will be sent. No entries received after the date of prize drawing will be considered on the March 15th issue of Liberty Magazine, on or around March 15th.

THEY'RE ENJOYING IT...
THESE 1934-1935 PRIZE WINNERS!

Just think of Miss Helen Duncan of Chicago—now enjoying the \$1,000 a year for life Camay Prize money she won in 1934. Or, further west, at Torrington, Wyoming, Mrs. J. W. Blumner, 1935 prize winner, with her Camay income of \$1,000 a year for life! And all these others throughout the country—1,276 more of them—all happy winners of Camay generous cash prizes! Results to meet now for 1936.

1006 BIG CASH PRIZES!
GRAND PRIZE—\$1,000 a Year for Life!
 (or, if the winner elects, \$12,000 Cash in one lump sum)

In addition—
These 201 prizes will be awarded in each of 5 prize zones.
FIRST PRIZE—\$1,000 CASH IN ONE PAYMENT!
NEXT 200 PRIZES—\$10 CASH EACH IN ONE PAYMENT!

In zone where Grand National Prize is won, the first prize of \$1,000 cash for that zone will be awarded to the entry which is second best in the opinion of the judges. Complete list of prize zones at your dealer's.

(The principal four zones will be announced in the March 15, 1937 issue of American Weekly.)

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Camay is my favorite Beauty Aid."
 MRS. G. KARPENTHORN
 DANVILLE, OHIO, W.O.

This is all you Do!

1. FROM THE LIST BELOW CHECK THE CAMAY QUALITY YOU LIKE BEST!
☐ Camay's Rich Lather
☐ Camay's Mildness
☐ Camay's Thorough Cleansing
☐ Camay's Delicate Perfume
☐ Camay's Creamy Whiteness
 And then write here in about 25 words why you prefer this quality in Camay.
2. ATTACH 3 CAMAY WRAPPERS or facsimiles and mail your entry to Camay, Dept. AW, Box 625, Cincinnati, Ohio. This contest closes at midnight, November 30, 1936.
3. FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS:
 Name _____ Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS:
 Dealer's Name _____
 Address _____
 (Print as many prizes as you wish. Use this entry blank, not other copies. Enter on your dealer's or, if he is not of record, on plain sheet of white paper.)

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

Suma Carminecca collected the "bribe money" of 100,000 lira. She fell in love shortly afterwards

**VITAMIN
A.B.G and**

FLEISCHMANN'S FREE
HORMONE-LIKE SUB
VALUE FROM THE F

By Mary Lee Swann

[illegible]

WH YEAST CONTAINS 4 V
STANCES, WHICH HELP T
OOD YOU EAT, AND GE

**VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO
THE BODY GET GREATER
IT FASTER ----**



What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

VITAMINS A, B, G and D FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH YEAST** CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT **FASTER**

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**VITAMIN
A.B.G and**

FLEISCHMANN'S FREE
HORMONE-LIKE SUB
VALUE FROM THE F

5H YEAST CONTAINS 4
STANCES, WHICH HELP T
OOD YOU EAT, AND GE

**VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO
THE BODY GET GREATER
IT FASTER.....**



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A TEMPTING NEW FOOD BIT!



RICE AND CHEESE COCKTAIL BALLS

These little balls are a real treat. They are made of rice, cheese, and a little bit of meat. They are easy to make and taste great. They are a good snack for any occasion.

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Souffles May Be Main Dish, Entree or Dessert

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cheese Tomato Souffle.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper, a few grains paprika and 1/4 teaspoon salt and blend well. Add 1/2 cup condensed tomato soup and 1/2 cup milk. Stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 1/2 package American cheese, thinly sliced. If cheese is bought in larger quantities use 2 to 3 ounces in place of the 1/2 package. Cook over hot water until cheese is melted. Cool. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and mix well. Gently fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in very moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., for 50 minutes. Serve immediately.

Mushroom Souffle.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and a few grains paprika. Blend well. Add 1/2 cup condensed mushroom soup diluted with 1/2 cup thin cream or milk and stir constantly until thick and creamy. Cool. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks, 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 teaspoon minced parsley, if desired. Add 1 cup finely-chopped cooked chicken or sweetmeats and mix well. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake about 50 minutes at 325 degrees.

Spinach Souffle.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Chocolate Souffle.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1/4 cup rich milk and stir constantly until thick and creamy. Melt 1/4 ounce chocolate over hot water, add 1/4 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons hot water and stir until smooth. Add to first mixture. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and a few drops vanilla. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., until firm.

Coffee Souffle.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup strong,

strained coffee and 1/4 cup cream and 1/4 cup sugar and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks and 1/4 teaspoon salt and mix well. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., until firm in center. Serve immediately with coffee sauce made as follows: Mix 1/4 cup sugar, a few grains salt and 2 egg yolks with 1/4 cup strong, strained coffee and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until creamy and smooth. Strain, cool and fold in 1 cup whipped and sweetened cream.

Cauliflower Souffle.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and 1/4 teaspoon salt and blend well. Add 1 cup milk or chicken stock and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 2 cups thick cauliflower puree, 1/2 cup sifted bread crumbs and 2 well-beaten egg yolks. If desired, 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese may be added with the crumbs. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in very moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., until firm in center.

Halibut Souffle.

MELT 2 1/2 tablespoons butter, add 2 1/2 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Blend well and add 2

cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and thick. Add 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs, 2 cups flaked cooked halibut, codfish or blue fish, 1/4 teaspoon onion juice and, if desired, a few grains mace. Add 3 well-beaten egg yolks and mix well. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in very moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., until firm in center. Serve immediately.

Corn Meal Souffle

(By Request).

SCALD 1 pint rich milk and add 1 cup sifted corn meal and 1/2 tablespoon salt and beat until smooth. Beat in 1 teaspoon baking powder and 4 egg yolks that have been beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites, turn into buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., until firm and delicately browned. Serve with creamed chicken, etc.

Chicken Souffle

(By Request).

FINELY chop 2 cups cold cooked chicken and 1/4 cup cold boiled ham. Pound, if desired, until smooth. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains paprika and 1/4 teaspoon salt and blend well. Add 1/2 cup strained and skimmed chicken broth and 1/4 cup cream and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Combine with finely-chopped or pounded meat and, if desired, 1/4 cup finely shredded almonds. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks and mix well. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish placed in a pan of hot water and bake at 325 deg., until firm in center, or about 50 minutes.

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SETTLE THIS MATTER of decorating your closets once and for all, as millions of women already have. Discover ROYLEDGE, the surprising new shelving. Feel the edge. It's double-thick and strong—it hangs flat, without curling. See and admire the many designs; imagine how those lovely, colorful patterns can cheer up and brighten your closets!

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"DAPPER Baby" is both allowed and preferred by Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Due to its unique olive oil content, Z.B.T. forms a protective moisture-resistant coating which shields the skin from the irritation of wet diapers. Free from lime in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your baby.



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Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, acne, angry red blotches or other irritations resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment. 5¢, all drug stores. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful, too, for tired baby face and cracks between toes. FREE SAMPLE, Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. D.A., Buffalo, N.Y.

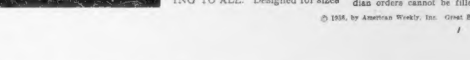
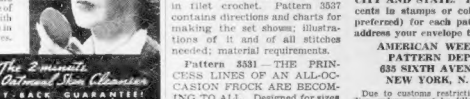
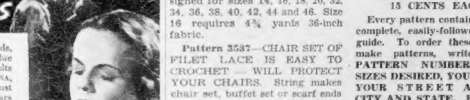
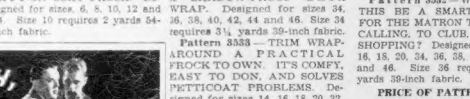
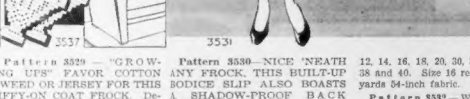
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Those skin blemishes like blackheads, closed pores, pimples, red blotches are due to improper cleansing. The perfect skin can be obtained with regular use of LAVENA, the 2-minute natural skin cleanser. It must perform or your money back. For years skin doctors have been advising the use of natural, and LAVENA is recommended (patented natural). At all cosmetic counters in 50¢ and 75¢ sizes. 10¢ size at 10¢ stores.

The 2-minute, Natural Skin Cleanser

LAVENA
TOLD ON ABSOLUTE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

American Weekly Patterns



Mother wouldn't hurt you for the world

Not for anything would you take a chance... Baby must grow up straight and tall like his Daddy!

You've promised he'll have the very best of everything. And every day you plan ways to make him happier, healthier.

Since your doctor has stressed the importance of early digested foods, be sure to insist on Libby's Baby Foods when it's time for vegetables, fruits, cereal. Not even the finest strained foods are as good for baby during his critical first year. Only Libby's are Double* Safe.

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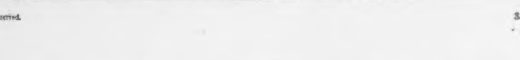
BABY FOODS, OF COURSE...THEY'RE DOUBLE* SAFE

1 *Safer... because three foods in each tin assure a better balanced diet.

2 *Safer... because Libby's special process makes them easier to digest.

With Libby's Baby Foods, it's as much easier to give your baby the balanced diet he needs for health and growth. Every tin contains three foods... not just one. There are six special combinations for variety... each one gives baby a better balance of minerals and vitamins than any single food. Your doctor will tell you how beneficial Libby's special combinations are for baby.

These drawings show how Libby's special Homogenization "explosion" food cells are broken all around for easier, more complete digestion. The most careful sorting of straining cannot do this.



ANNOUNCING HORMEL SPEED COOKING WITH SOUP

Noodle Soup

with Chicken



*VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE

Here's gorgeous good eating (and an easy way to use any leftovers on hand!) Blend 2 tbs. butter with 2 tbs. flour. Add 1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup. If you have a cupful of leftovers (diced meat, carrots, peas or potatoes), pop them in, too. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour in a pie plate and cover with Bisquick, cut in rounds. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until brown. There you are—a richly flavored meat pie—in 15 minutes by the clock! It's a triumph for SPEED COOKING!

Menu JOAN BENNETT SPEED COOKING LUNCHEON

*Hormel Noodle Soup
with Chicken
Milk Toast—Salted Chicken
Vegetable Beef Pie
Buttered Corn
Tomato Cream Salad
Sweet Peaches and Cream
Ornate Cakes
Tea or Coffee*



*TOMATO CREAM SALAD

Soften 2 tbs. granulated gelatin in 3 tbs. cold water. Dissolve it in 1 can hot Hormel Cream of Tomato Soup. Add 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Blend 2 pkgs. cream cheese, 4 tbs. cream, 1 tbs. mayonnaise and ½ tsp. salt. Add 1 tbs. gelatin softened in 2 tbs. cold water and dissolved over steam. Pour half of tomato mixture into freezing tray; chill 5 minutes. Pour cheese mixture on top and chill until set. Add rest of tomato mixture, chill until firm. Cut in fancy shapes, serve on lettuce.

Try it: Enter the Joan Bennett Contest... Win free trip to Hollywood 1,010 other fine prizes



"ALL SET? GO!"
SAYS
JOAN BENNETT



SEE JOAN BENNETT

A WALTER WANGER STAR, IN THE NEW
PARAMOUNT PICTURE "WEDDING PRESENT"

Be her guest in Hollywood

AND what is speed cooking? A new short cut to quicker meals, better meals, built around main dishes that include the extra nourishment, richer flavor, of those good Hormel Soups.

Taste Hormel Mushroom Soup in a mushroom steak, Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup in a rich meat pie. Exercise your own talent for good cookery by devising new praise-winning dishes with a can of any Hormel Soup and whatever you have in the house.

It's Hormel who introduce speed cooking with soup—because Hormel alone make soups strong enough, rich enough, fine enough to make a real contribution to the main dishes of your meal.

Try any Hormel favorite—that

good man's soup, Tomato-Bean; that fresh, smooth, bacon-flavored soup women rave about, Hormel Pea Soup; the famous buttered Onion Soup, made as the French like it; the one-and-only Vegetable Soup, rich with true beef stock.

Taste one, taste all—you'll want to serve them often. And you'll know why we insist there are no soups better by themselves, or better in speed cooking, than those protected by the original "Double Your Money Back" guarantee—the superior soups made by Hormel.

And now... don't you want to try speed cooking with soup? It's fun—and it's your chance to win a trip in Hollywood! 1,010 other prizes. Read about this big, exciting contest. Come one, come all—enter today!



Free Go to the grocery who shows this display. There you'll go... free... the menu and recipes for the Joan Bennett Contest Luncheon, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win he wins the same prize you do. He will keep Hormel Soup on display and aid you in preparing your entry.

HOW TO ENTER JOAN BENNETT CONTEST Win free trip—1,010 other prizes

What the winner gets: A free trip to Hollywood, an inside view of a big movie picture studio (a complete tour of the lot, where the ordinary visitor must keep out), a SCREEN TEST, if you want one (this may be your big chance!)... AND an actual luncheon with Joan Bennett!

* Screen 27-inch Beautiful Bonus Wrist Watches for men or women, worth \$45.00 each. * 15-day prize. Now, do **JOAN Hospitality Trip Sets** with soups, worth \$25.50. 1,000 other prizes. Lovely handmade luncheon sets in gay pleasant colors—one prize to a thousand women!

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

1. Try either one of the two recipes shown on this page. You don't have to serve the whole menu unless you want to.

Winners to be announced in future advertisements in American Weekly

2. Write a letter in 100 words or less, telling "Why I like speed cooking with Hormel Soup."
3. Send your letter with the label from one can of any Hormel Soup for a favorite's, and the name of your grocer to Contest Dept., A. Gen. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 10, 1934. The 1,010 best letters, in the opinion of judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes. All entries become the property of Hormel, and will not be returned. Contest open to Hormel employees or members of their families.

THE ORIGINAL
DOUBLE MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE

HORMEL SOUPS



CREAM OF MUSHROOM... NOODLE... CREAM OF TOMATO... VEGETABLE-BEEF... ONION... VEGETABLE... PEA... BEAN (Tomato Bretonne)... CHICKEN BROTH... CONSOMME MADRILENE